THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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SONG.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

We walked beside the summer woods,
The richest sunshine edged the shadows,
And mixed with light a brook ran bright
To reach its meadows.

Along the forest's morning side
A pleasant channel it had hollowed,
And where it led with fearless tread,
Our young feet followed.

But when we reached the alder hedge,
A second lonely stream we sighted,
With whose pure tide our little guide
Its own united.

Then past the maiden-flowers that smiled
As if it all they comprehended,
Through meadows gay their wedded way
Seaward they wended.

She whom I loved was by my side;
That woodland sight was sweet suggestion;
My heart was spurred and there she heard
Love's anxious question.

Her answer floated through that glen
As soft as floats through air a feather,
And like those brooks our lives since then
Have flowed together. G. J.

CARLYON'S YEAR.

By the author of "Lost Sir Massingberd," &c.

CHAPTER XXX.

NURSE AND PRIEST.

Notwithstanding the early hour at which Agnes had made her visit to the village doctor, he was already up and away, having been sent for to one of his numerous but ill-repaying patients in a neighboring hamlet; so she turned her steps whither she had originally half resolved on going, namely to the Priory. But here, too, she was doomed to meet with disappointment, for the dishevelled page who answered her summons, informed her that his "missus" had been bad all night, and that he himself was under orders to run down to Dr. Carstairs to ask him to step up. Agnes knew that Mrs. Newman was not one to send for medical advice at five shillings per visit, except from urgent need, and hence, not without grave misgivings, at once repaired to that lady's chamber. She found her flushed and feverish, after a sleepless night, consequent, in reality, although she ascribed it to other causes, upon the mental conflict and emotion of the previous day—her determination to be reconciled with her brother, and her heroic resolve to give up all claim upon his property—and if not seriously ill, at all events much too indisposed to receive the information which she had come to convey concerning Richard's visit and Mr. Carlyon's danger. There was nothing for it therefore but to wait at the house with as much appearance of unconcern as she could put on, until the doctor came, which did not happen for some hours.

After the interview with his patient, Agnes unfolded to him in private all that had occurred during the past night, and besought his advice and assistance. He did not for a moment doubt (as she had almost apprehended he would) the actual facts of her narration; he had too high a respect for her common sense to ascribe any of them to hallucination; but from the opinion which he had himself formed of her cousin's character, he thought it exceedingly improbable that he would be as good or bad as his word.

"In the heat of passion, my dear Miss Agnes, and smarting under the bitter sense of disappointment, I can imagine this unhappy young man making use of any menace, and meaning, while he spoke, to carry it into execution. But any interval of time with him would produce first irresolution and then repentance. He is quite incapable—unless his nature has altered much for the worse of late—of seeking out a rival with the intention of slaying him in cold blood."

"But if he is mad, Mr. Carstairs—if he is downright mad?"

"Mad he could scarcely be to have spoken so rationally as you represent him to have done. That his brain is liable to be effected by any violent emotion I do not doubt; but that, on the other hand, he has nothing of the crafty and malicious scheming of the madman about him I feel positively certain. Do not alarm yourself, my dear young lady. Believe me there is no such danger as you picture to yourself, but at the same time I will take care to put Carlyon on his guard. I will write to him by this afternoon's post. There—will that content you?"

"I suppose that is all which can be done?" returned Agnes, sighing. "But how frightful a peril, how hideous a crime, is this which you talk of with such calmness. May God have mercy upon him, and turn his heart while there is yet time."

"Nay, Miss Agnes, if what you fear be true, there is no question of God's forgiveness in the matter; it is His own hand which has afflicted him."

Agnes's white cheeks flushed to the forehead: the surgeon had misunderstood her; her last words had referred to Carlyon; but she did not reply. Mr. Carstairs regarded her fixedly, at first with wonder, then with a look of pity.

"He shall be warned this very day, I promise you," reiterated he. "I will go home now and write the letter."

And he did so. The letter came to John Carlyon, only to remain unopened on his desk, because six hours too late to give effect to its contents.

Upon the afternoon of the third day, while he still lay fevered and unconscious, the nurse that waited upon him was called out—he being fast asleep—to see two strangers; one an elderly gentleman, who announced himself as an intimate friend of the sick man, the other a young lady, very beautiful, but with an air of intense mental suffering.

"You need not tell me who this is, sir," said the garrulous old woman, dropping a conciliatory curtsey; "it's Mr. Carlyon's sister. And very pleased am I to see you, mum—not like some nusses as might be jealous of not being let to do everything for the poor dear. I was the fust to say you should be sent for; not as I feared the responsibility—"

"How is your patient, woman?" broke in the male visitor, unceremoniously. "I am a medical man myself, so you may speak the truth in as few words as possible."

"I ax your pardon, sir, I am sure," said the nurse, humbly, and with an evident effort to curtail her loquacity; "better, sir, better; but he has had a bad time of it, and is not his own self in his head yet. It is his sister here as will do him the most good, as soon as he begins to come round. He has done nothing but call for you, mum, when he's awake, and moan about you in his sleep; it's 'Agnes! Agnes!' with him from morning to night."

Agnes started and trembled violently, but Mr. Carstairs promptly came to the rescue.

"Very proper—very natural, nurse," said he; "but, you see, you make the young lady nervous, and since she has come to help you nurse him, that will not do. At what time does Mr. Martin make his visits?"

"Well, sir, he has been here this morning, and he will come again at four or so; that is, in about an hour's time. But there is no reason why you should not come and see the poor gentleman at once; unless indeed the young lady is not used to a sick room."

"She is as good a nurse as there is in London, my good woman," answered Mr. Carstairs. "Mr. Martin and I are old friends, and I am sure he will make no objection to my presence, so you may lead the way."

His three days' fever, although intermittent, and at times leaving him quite conscious of what was passing, had wasted Carlyon's giant form to a mere shadow. His eyes, fast shut, reposed in two hollow caves. His head, moving uneasily from side to side, was shorn of its brown curls. One large hand lay motionless upon the coverlet, bleached and thin; the other was thrust beneath his pillow.

"You find your brother sadly altered, miss, I don't doubt," whispered the nurse; "but, bless you, he'll come round yet. The wound is healing very nice. It is deep enough indeed, but it runs crosswise, no thanks to the villain as stabbed him. What saved his precious life was the little Bible as he carried in his breast-pocket; that stopped one blow altogether and turned the other towards the collarbone. The doctor has the book, with half the leaves stuck through, against when the trial comes on, if they have the luck to catch the scoundrel, which I should like to pull his legs myself upon the gallows' tree. But see, the poor dear is waking up a bit."

With a weary sigh, that told more of oppression than relief, the sick man opened his eyes. Unexpressionless and dim enough they looked, but they had lost the glitter of the fever-fire.

"He is coming to hisself," whispered the nurse to Agnes, who mechanically had shrunk behind the curtain at the bed's head. Mr. Carstairs, on the other hand, was standing by the fire, in full view of Carlyon. The latter, however, took no notice of him, taking it for granted probably that he was his usual medical attendant. With difficulty the sick man drew forth the hand that lay beneath the pillow, and looked piteously at the empty palm.

"That's what he always do when he wakes," whispered the nurse, with that triumphant zest which the ignorant exhibit when imparting information. "It's a sign that he wants to have his hands washed."

"Well, Carlyon, my good fellow, don't you know me?" inquired Mr. Carstairs, gently, as he approached the bed. "You have had a bad bout of it, but we shall soon set you up again. I have come up to London on purpose to see it done."

"You're a good soul, Carstairs," murmured the sick man, smiling feebly. "Take my hand and shake it, for I can't shake yours. God bless you!"

"Those are pleasant words to hear from your lips, my friend; they give me hope that He has blessed *you*."

"I hope so. At all events, I have given up the fight against Him, Carstairs. He was too strong for me, and I have made my submission. Perhaps I should have done it earlier, but for—" Here he paused, and a look of unutterable tenderness stole over his haggard features. "Where the bribe is very large, an honest man turns his head the other way, and keeps it so as long as he can, and, oh, my friend, what a bribe was offered *me!*"

"Nay, nay; I must go away if you excite yourself thus, Carlyon. I do not come here to do you harm but good. You may smile in that lackadaisical manner, and shake your head as much as you please, but I say 'good;' and good for evil, too, considering that you have already made my prophecy of no effect, and intend, I dare say, for contradiction's sake, to get as well and strong as ever."

"Not so, my friend, do not deceive yourself," returned Carlyon, gravely; "nor do I wish to live."

"Very well, we will talk about that when you are convalescent, and can argue the matter on fair terms. When a man is so ill as you have been, he sometimes feels like one who accidentally finds himself near a place he means some day to visit, but had no present intention of doing so; it is not worth while, he thinks, since he is so nigh the grave-mouth, to return. Such thoughts, however, do not become a man of courage. You were looking for something beneath the pillow, my friend; what was it?"

"A very little matter, Carstairs; a very foolish matter, as it will seem to you. But there is a little note in yonder desk—it lies on the right-hand, just as you open it—which I like to have under my pillow."

Mr. Carstairs gave it to him, and as he did so, could not but notice the handwriting of the address.

"You know from whom it came, my friend," said the sick man."

"Yes."

"All the world might read it. When next you are asked to dinner, it will be in the self-same phrase; and yet this is the dearest thing I have. They are the first words and the last—save one, which you have seen—that I ever had from her. God bless her!"

"If she were to come and nurse you, Carlyon, in your sister's place, but at your sister's special wish, what would you say then?"

"I would say that heaven had wrought a monstrous miracle, and sent an angel with the devil's own credentials—"

"Hush, hush, Mr. Carlyon," said Agnes, stepping from behind her screen; "do not wrong your sister thus. God has touched her heart as I had hoped He had touched yours, and she loves you and prays to Him for you."

Carlyon's face was lit up with a great glow of joy, and he strove to raise himself to greet her; but the effort was beyond his strength, and he fell back with a feeble groan.

"Remember, young lady," interposed Mr. Carstairs, firmly, "you are Mr. Carlyon's nurse, and not his priest, here. I must have no such talk as this—at least, not now."

And Agnes obeyed him; "Sister Agnes," as Carlyon called her throughout her mission, and as Mr. Martin came to call her when he found how well she deserved the title.

A breezy, jocund, health-diffusing man was the doctor—an old friend and fellow-student of Mr. Carstairs, as it happened—who, living close by, had been called in by happy chance to the wounded man.

After a day or two, the country practitioner went home, feeling sure that he had left his friend in safe hands, and leaving behind him Agnes and widow Marcon, who had accompanied the former to town, since her suspicions of Cubra's having some confederate hand in the recent calamity, forbad her taking her own attendant. It was, doubtless, very "bold," and "dangerous," and "indecorous," in the eyes of some people (although Mrs. Newman had both approved of pressed her doing so) that she should help to nurse Carlyon every day; but I do not think Agnes was much distressed by that consideration—having a Great Adviser whom she was wont to consult in all matters—even if she entertained it at all. And indeed such misgivings were totally out of place. It was true that the sick man grew stronger, and bade fair to make a complete recovery from his wound; but he still considered himself, as did Agnes likewise, as a doomed man. His heart had troubled him of late so incessantly that he could not forget that his days were surely numbered; and she, so soon as he could bear it, had pressed the claims of religion upon him with the earnestness inspired by the same conviction. Their behavior was very far from that of lovers. She read to him from that same book whose resistance to the cruel steel had saved his life, and he listened like one upon whose favored ears fall the very harmonies of heaven; but all her influence, all her charms, were made to serve that cause alone to which Carlyon was slowly but surely being won; she had no thought, no dream of winning him, except for God.

He had received a letter from Mrs. Newman, the contents of which, perhaps, penetrated him more than all else with the sense of this young girl's goodness. He had reproached himself somewhat with not having written to his sister upon the occasion of Jedediah's death; that opportunity passed, it seemed well-nigh impossible that they should become friends; and lo! now the overture of reconciliation had actually emanated from her. Who but Agnes could have brought this about, and by what other means than those to which she herself attributed it—that faith by which miracles were said to have been wrought of old?

Agnes told him of Mrs. Newman's revelations to her concerning the disposal he had made of his property by will, and of that lady's subsequent self-denial.

"I could not have believed it," said he, gravely, "from any other lips than yours. What a pang it must have caused poor Meg!"

"Yes, Mr. Carlyon," said Agnes, with an answering smile; "but you must not inflict it a second time. Under no possible circumstances should I have taken, or would I take one shilling of that which she so highly values, and which should naturally revert to her; but the gift must come directly from your hands, and not through mine."

"What, must I make another will then, and leave you nothing?"

"Certainly. What right have I to what you have to leave? Nay, even what need of it?"

"You will let me bequeath you Red Berild, however, the horse that saved your life to bless mine—the horse that you sketched on Greycrags lawn in those happy summer days, Agnes?"

"Yes; you may leave me Red Berild, Mr. Carlyon, if my acceptance of it will please you," said she, softly. "I have been to see him since I came; Mr. Carstairs took me; the noble creature looked so wistfully for the master that we could not bring."

"Poor Berild! You will ride him for my sake, Agnes; he is very quiet, and after a little you will find that you may guide him—as you did his owner—with a word."

So, like two children in a churchyard, into whom enters no natural thought of mirth and play, because of the open grave close by them, and of its expected tenant, Agnes and John Carlyon spoke not of earthly love and scarce of this world at all.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A CONSULTATION AND ITS RESULTS.

When Carlyon was well enough to lie on the sofa, and take his meals with the enthusiasm incident to a convalescent after fever, Mr. Martin announced his own occupation to be gone. "I never stay where I am not really wanted," said the cheery surgeon, "but if you like being doctored, I will send you a man who will stick by you, and give you pills as long as you choose to take them. In my opinion you are cured."

"Cured of my wound?" returned Carlyon, slowly. "Yes, thanks to you, sir, I feel that I am. This is not the first time that I have been deeply indebted to your profession."

"Ah. Well, I hope you'll never need to see any one of them again."

"Thank you," returned the patient, smiling. "I shall be always glad, however, to see *you* again, Mr. Martin—that is at dinner; and likewise our good friend Carstairs."

"Ah, capital fellow, Carstairs," assented the surgeon, cheerfully, at the same time walking to the door and opening it as though to make sure that the nurse was out of earshot. Agnes had been sent out by his own edict that afternoon for a "constitutional" with Mrs. Marcon, in the park, for the recent change from her usual active habits at Mellor had begun to tell upon her somewhat. "A capital good fellow is Carstairs, and a man of science too, but crotchetty; between ourselves, sir, infernally crotchetty. We were students together at Guy's."

"Were you indeed?" rejoined the sick man, languidly, and thinking to himself how long Agnes had been away. "What an immense time ago it seems."

"Eh! well, it's not so long, sir," rejoined Mr. Martin, sharply. "I don't suppose either of us are fifteen years older than yourself. But what I was going to say is, that even then Carstairs was very like some sexagenarian physician, who has devoted his whole energies to one branch of disease, and has got to believe that all mankind, either directly or indirectly dies of it. With doctors who are ladies' doctors, this creed is of course restricted by the sex of their patients (to which, by-the-bye, it is my opinion that some of them assimilate in time, and become old women), but otherwise this fanaticism has no bounds. With a young practitioner, however, it is not usual to make one disease swallow up all others, like so many Pharaoh's serpents; and yet Carstairs, even as a student, entertained this curious notion. We used to call him Angina Carstairs."

"Ah, indeed," said Carlyon, dryly. "He was effeminate, then, as a young man, was he?"

"Not a bit of it, sir, but he thought everybody was sure to die of *angina pectoris*—he believed everybody—even those who had no hearts, like our hospital porter, who was a savage—had disease of the heart."

For the first time since his wound, Carlyon sprang up to a sitting posture, supporting himself by one hand, while the other was pressed tightly to his side.

"Oh, sir," said he, "do not hold out to me a false hope; even now I feel that Carstairs has told me nothing but the truth."

"What, that you would be a dead man a fortnight ago! That, Miss Agnes tells me, was his cheerful prognostication, and yet you have eaten a very tolerable breakfast for a '*post mortem*.'"

"Do you mean to say, Mr. Martin, that I have not heart disease?"

"By your change of color, my dear sir, and the pain you are evidently feeling in that side, I should be inclined to think that you have," answered the surgeon, quietly. "If I chose to use the stethoscope, I could undoubtedly tell you for certain; but that is not my line. If the young gentleman's dagger had gone through your heart, it would have been my business to pronounce you dead. No physician—who had any respect for himself, and the profession—would have ventured to have done so. But this is no surgical case. If you take my advice, you will allow me to call in Dr. Throb. He knows more about heart disease than any man in Great Britain; and there is this great advantage about him that even if you have not got it he will prescribe for you as if you had. I am sure it will be a great satisfaction to your feelings to procure the opinion of a man like Throb. And besides, my dear sir, you will be witness of a consultation which, of itself, is quite as good as a play—although, to be sure, it's a little dearer."

"If you think a consultation will be of any use———" began Carlyon.

"I don't think it will," interrupted the surgeon, irritably. "A duel is no sort of use, for instance, but everybody calls it a satisfaction. It settles the matter one way or another, at all events. Come, let me call in Doctor Throb."

To this proposition Carlyon, not very eagerly, gave assent, and Dr. Throb condescended to make an appointment at the Albany for the afternoon of the day after the morrow. That great man, so far as physical stature went, was a very little one; much smaller than Mr. Carstairs, and round as a ball; but his gray eyes were large enough for a policeman's lantern, and roved fiercely about under his shaggy brows, as though in search of the villain who might venture to contradict him. Even the presence of Agnes failed to soften that terrible glance, although he gave her a reassuring nod, as if to guarantee her personal safety, menaced by his tremendous arrival. He had been previously closeted with Mr. Martin—for a medical consultation is uncommonly like one of those children's games wherein two little folks go out of the room and whisper together, and come in and guess, and then go out and guess again—and perhaps that gentleman had softened the bashaw's heart towards the poor girl. But he had not softened it at all towards Carlyon. Dr. Throb marched in, like a drum-major, at the head of an invading army; glared upon his patient—indignant perhaps at his being so large; shook his learned head, like a terrier with a rat in his jaws, and then turned to Mr. Martin, and said "Yes," decisively, although the surgeon had said nothing whatever. The great man had previously addressed the salutation "Humph!" to Carlyon himself, so that there was no necessity for any further courtesies, and he proceeded at once to business. To see him cast himself, stethoscope in hand, upon his victim, was to witness a gladiatorial exhibition; but in reality his every movement was directed with the utmost nicety and skill. This examination ended, Dr. Throb put certain questions to the patient regarding his own symptoms, exactly as though he were himself the chief inquisitor, and Carlyon, a heretic, doomed, upon the slightest show of hesitation, to the thumb-screws, rack and stake. Then pursing his lips, and giving that mysterious nod to the surgeon, which the lady of the house gives to her principal female guest before leaving the dinner-table, the physician led the way to the consulting-room. As the door closed, Agnes stole to the sofa and took the sick man' hand. There was something in this Goth of a doctor's manner which had given her hope.

"I feel," said she, calmly, "an uncommon confidence in that man's judgment."

"So do I," answered Carlyon, smiling. "But indeed, if his opinion is not to be relied upon, he impugns the beneficence of the whole scheme of creation. Such a terrible

Turk would otherwise scarce be permitted to live."

"If his verdict should agree with that of Mr. Carstairs," said she, in trembling tones, "you will not receive it as you did his, I know."

"No, Agnes. Thanks to you, it will no longer be with dogged submission. I shall say—and honestly feel it—God's will be done."

She had scarcely time to resume her former position when back stalked the little doctor, with drums beating and colors flying, and a triumphant flourish of trumpets. The chamber had evidently been given up to pillage; but was the life of its tenant to be spared?

"Humph!" said he. "You have heart complaint, Mr. Carlyon."

"I quite expected to hear you say so, Dr. Throb. My friend and medical adviser in the country gave me to understand—"

"Pooh," interrupted the great man. "He 'pledged his professional reputation,' didn't he, that you wouldn't live six months?"

"He said a year, sir."

"He might just as well have said a fortnight. Medicine is not an exact science like mathematics; and he was wrong, you see. He has forfeited his professional reputation—which most country practitioners would be very glad to do, and start afresh. He ought to be under great obligations to you, this Mr. Whatshisname—Farstares."

"But he was right so far as my having heart complaint?"

"Of course he was; no man with ears could be wrong about that, sir. You *have* heart complaint; but what of that? You may die of it, of course—you must die of something, I suppose—but you may also live with it for a quarter of a century, and die of drink at last. I have known a worse case than yours where the patient lived for longer than that, and was eventually hung. Good-morning, sir; good-morning, ma'am." And away marched the little doctor, with a nod of great severity, to fresh fields of conquest and subjugation. But when he reached the outer door he turned round sharply to Mr. Martin, who had reverently followed him so far, with—"I say, my good fellow, can *he* afford *this?*" and he took out a crumpled note, which he had received in fee from Carlyon, by a most dexterous back-hand evolution, and without moving a muscle of his face. But it was one of this great man's weaknesses to object to take large fees from persons of moderate means, or any fee at all from poor folks."

"Oh, yes, he can afford it," said the other, laughing.

"I am glad to hear it, for both our sakes," returned the little man, with a significant action of the left eyelid.

With his professional brethren, and when removed from the observation of patients, Dr. Throb unbent a good deal. He was whispered to be invaluable at medical dinners—the only festive occasions he ever patronised—and there was even a story current, among the more audacious students of his hospital, that he had once sung a comic song.

When Mr. Martin went back to his patient, he found him as sad and silent, as though the sentence of Dr. Throb had been for his immediate execution, rather than a dismissal upon his personal recognisances, to come up when Justice Mors chose to send for him—as it really was. Agnes too was paler and more thoughtful than she had looked throughout the consultation. His entrance seemed to be a relief to both parties.

"Nice, agreeable, affable person, Dr. Throb, is he not?" inquired the surgeon, cheerfully.

"Very much so," said Carlyon, absently.

"I dare say he is very clever," observed Agnes, evasively. "I feel a great confidence in his judgment. If you will be so good as to ring for nurse, Mr. Martin, I think I will go to my lodgings, as Mrs. Marcon will be anxious to hear what his verdict is."

She cast a glance at Carlyon full of unspeakable emotion, but he had closed his eyes and lay back on the pillow, as though overcome by weakness. She rose softly, and left the room as the nurse entered it. Mr. Martin followed close upon her.

"As Mrs. Marcon has not yet come for you," said he—that respectable old lady being in the habit of calling for her every evening at six o'clock with the regularity of clock-work, "you must allow me to see you home, Miss Agnes."

"I am not afraid of going home alone, Mr. Martin, and I know your time is valuable," answered Agnes, quietly.

"You would also rather be alone just now, would you not, my dear young lady? That's the very reason why I am going with you. I have got something of importance to say to you upon the road."

When they had fairly started, and she had placed her fingers lightly on his arm, the surgeon patted them in a reassuring manner, and began as follows:

"You are trembling, my good girl, and all in a flutter, and it is not about me, I know. If I was twenty years younger, and did not happen to have a wife already, that reflection would distress me, but as it is I am only distressed about yourself. You said just now that you have confidence in the judgment of Dr. Throb; and, as generally happens, you are quite right. He is a very wise man in his vocation, and can tell by the look of a young lady, without even so much as feeling her pulse, whether there is anything the matter with her heart. Now as we were in consultation together, when (between ourselves) we doctors talk about almost anything except the patient, he remarked that there was something the matter with yours. It's not my line of business, you know, but I'm bound to say that he only corroborated my own observation. There don't cry—or, if you must cry, put your veil down. The symptoms are obvious; a general practitioner in the country (as Throb would say) could scarcely make a mistake in your diagnosis. You are in love with my poor patient yonder. Now, my dear child, I am old enough to be your grandfather, so that there is no occasion for embarrassment with me; but if you tremble in that way I shall be obliged to call a cab, and I can never hear a word that's said in a cab. You are in love with John Carlyon, I say, and I needn't tell you that he is in love with *you*. Well, why did you say, 'no' when he asked you to marry him, some ten minutes ago? I don't, of course, wish to pry into private matters, but if it is religion—or rather (as you wrongly imagine) the want of it in him—"

"No, sir; it is not that, sir, now, thank God," interrupted Agnes, earnestly.

"Then what the dickens is it?" inquired the surgeon, with irritation.

"Sir, there are two reasons, since you force me to speak so openly," said Agnes, with firmness; "but I deny your right—"

"Of course, my good young lady, I have no right," interposed the surgeon, briskly, and once more patting her fingers; "but it's my privilege. You'll find it is all the diplomas. Now, what are the two reasons?"

"One is, sir, that I cannot marry the man whose life has been attempted by one of my own blood, the only relative I have in the world."

"Oh, I see. You make your relative's quarrel your own. Since your cousin has failed to kill this man, you will, at all events, deny him all that makes his life worth having. That is the true Corsican fashion; but I should doubt whether it has the approbation of the Christian Church."

"I mean, sir," explained Agnes, gravely, "Mr. Carlyon has never spoken to me about Richard; never hinted at whose hand laid him upon what might have proved his deathbed; but there are times when I feel that I have almost been his murderess."

"Tut, tut; you could not help two men falling in love with you—I dare say a dozen have done it—nor could you prevent one of them going mad after sunstroke. The rest of the circumstances I have had only at second hand, but *that's* a medical fact, and I can speak of it with certainty. This mad cousin of yours too has left the country, has been traced into a ship bound for the Indies, whither he has gone under the agreeable idea that his rival is disposed of. There will be, therefore, no necessity to ask him to the wedding, or otherwise inconvenience yourselves by his attentions. To suffer this poor lunatic to blight the life of a man like Carlyon is mere wanton cruelty under the guise of sentiment. I am sure you will not do this, Miss Agnes. I hope, for the sake of your reputation for common sense, that the second reason for saying 'no' is more valid than the first."

"Yes, sir, it is, indeed. Forgive me, Mr. Martin, but I cannot pursue this subject farther, except to say this much—I am sure that your questions have been dictated by a desire to do good, to diffuse happiness. The second objection I cannot reveal. It is a family secret. True, there was a time when it did not seem to me so insurmountable an obstacle, but that was because a still more formidable impediment—that of Mr. Carlyon's opinions—lay in the way. Now he is no longer a godless man I wonder how I could have ever overlooked the barrier of which I speak."

"There is madness in her family," thought the surgeon, his mind recurring to her cousin's frenzied act; but the next moment he recollected that his aberration had been produced by the tropic sun.

"My dear young lady," answered the surgeon, tenderly, "I have no intention of prying into this unhappy matter; I only charge you, as you are a Christian woman, not to embitter this man's life without great cause. If any disgrace"—he felt her shudder through every limb—"has ever happened to any of your kith and kin—for that it has not done so to yourself, I am very sure—see that it affords not only a reasonable but a sufficient ground on which to reject a brave man's love. I do not say that there may not be such a disgrace; it is my opinion, however, that you should reveal it, whatever it is, to his own ears, and then abide his decision."

"I could never tell him, sir," replied Agnes, in half-choked tones. "It reflects upon the memory of one that is most near and dear to me, and who is gone to his rest after long years of trouble."

"Poor dear! poor dear!" ejaculated the surgeon, tenderly; "I have only then one alternative to propose. However sad may be this secret you speak of, however insuperable a difficulty it may present to your eyes, you cannot gauge this man's love and say it is not sufficient to overcome it. Since you shrink from speaking with him on the subject, write the whole matter out, and let me place it—sealed—in his own hands. He will certainly make no bad use of the information; at the worst, it will remain with him a sacred trust. If it strikes him as it does you, you need never see one another any more. If, on the other hand, he writes back, 'Come,' that will be a sign that he prizes you at a value, from which nothing can materially detract. See, here we are at our journey's end. Let me exact this promise of you. Let me call for this writing in a few hours, for such a matter is best done at once, and done with. Say 'yes,' my dear Miss Agnes, I adjure you. At least, let this man's future life be marred by no misunderstanding, no meaningless repulse. It is better for a man to be denied than to be evaded."

"I will do as you request, Mr. Martin," said Agnes, sighing; "but you do not know the heaviness of the task you lay upon me. The paper shall be ready within two hours."

"That's a brave, good girl," said the surgeon, with affectionate earnestness. "I shall call for it myself, and it will never leave my hands till it reaches his. God bless and strengthen you, my dear."

The next moment the door of her lodging opened and Agnes hurried in.

"Now, if I were in that fellow Carlyon's place," mused Mr. Martin to himself, as he turned away, "I would marry that very charming young woman, no matter what might be urged against her family, and although both her parents had perished on the gallows."

(CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

☞ A distinguished minister of the gospel of California, but now a resident of an Eastern city, was frequently heard to remark, while a youth at college, that he would never marry a woman who had "loved another man;" that he wanted "the first warm gush of woman's love." He married a widow with two "sets" of children.

☞ A well known minister repudiates the received theory that they have music in Heaven. He declares that his choir has given him so much trouble on earth, that the idea of music in the world to come is wholly repugnant to his ideas of eternal peace and rest.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, NOVE'R 16, 1867.

NOTICE.—We do not return rejected manuscripts, unless they come from our regular correspondents. Any postage stamps sent for such return will be confiscated. We will not be responsible for the safe keeping or return of any manuscript.

THE ITALIAN QUESTION.

As we supposed would be the case, Garibaldi has been defeated in his attempt upon Rome—as one account says, by the Papal forces alone; and as another says, by the Papal troops in conjunction with the French.

Louis Napoleon is now master of the situation. For Italy is too weak to oppose him, and Prussia has announced that her policy is neutrality. The secret of the latter probably being that Bismark is anxious to draw closer his alliance with South Germany, and South Germany is said to be "intensely Catholic."

It seems to be the prevailing opinion, we know not how well founded, that Louis Napoleon is himself in favor of the abandonment by the Pope of his secular power. But the Pope is understood to be decidedly averse to parting with his civil prerogatives, and the Emperor of France has a character to maintain as "the defender of the Catholic Faith."

On the whole, it probably rather pleases even the liberal portion of the French people, to see their Government upholding the Papacy, especially when it is also simply enforcing the terms of a solemn treaty. The French love to show that they are a Power in the world.

Whatever the abstract right of the matter may be, the Pope has the right of possession—which in Europe goes very far; and the mere wishes of the head of their Church, must naturally exercise a very potent influence over the Roman Catholic powers. Therefore, while the Pope adheres to his present determination, we think that determination will be respected by Louis Napoleon, and that any effort forcibly to overthrow him, will be met by the combined forces of France, Spain, and Austria.

We give this of course simply as our opinion—an opinion based upon those surface facts which are before the world; and which so often are overborne by the hidden facts which only diplomatists are aware of, and of which such outside personages as newspaper editors, know nothing.

And yet the surface facts, visible to all men, are generally the great controlling forces of the world—or the outward manifestations of such forces—and therefore he who observes them carefully, may often make as probable a guess as to the future, as one who is confused by the consideration of a large number of smaller and more hidden influences.

LIQUOR AND LONGEVITY.

The London City Press quotes, as below, a manuscript on parchment attached to an ancient painting, removed in 1803 from the old Bull Inn, Bishopsgate:—

"Portrait of Mr. Van Horn, a Hamburg merchant. Belonged to a club called 'The Amicable Society,' held at the Bull Inn, Bishopsgate Street, for a period of twenty-two years. During the above period he drank 85,680 bottles of wine, which makes 2,973 dozen and four bottles, averaging at nearly four bottles and a half per day; and did not miss drinking the above quantity but two days—the one of which was the burial of his wife, and the other the marriage of his daughter, and lived till he was ninety years of age. Painted by Mr. Hymore, in the year 1743."

Probably the liquor in 1743 was of a better quality than that swallowed now-a-days. If some means could be devised to prevent the poisonous adulterations which are now almost universal, the health of society would be greatly promoted.

"FILTHY LUCRE."—If ever any thing in the shape of money deserved to be called "filthy lucre," it is some of the small notes with which the people of this country are at present favored.

We should be obliged to our subscribers, if they would send us as little of this dirty stuff as possible. We always qualify our opinion of a subscriber by the kind of money he sends, and when we open a letter and find a lot of dirty, greasy, ragged notes, we say, "Can it be possible that this man has sat under our teachings for years, and sends us such 'filthy lucre' as this?" Brethren, always send your best paper to an editor, for he sends you his best paper in return.

RISTORI.—"J. G. P." writes us that the statement in THE POST of Nov. 9th, that "Ristori was a Gipsy," is incorrect. It was Rachel and not Ristori, the latter being of respectable parentage.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

LIFE AND LETTERS OF MADAME SWETCHINE. By COUNT DE FALLOUX, of the French Academy. Translated by H. W. Preston. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston, and also for sale by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

"FOUR OAKS." A Novel. By KAMBA THORPE. Published by George W. Carleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

"WIDOW SPRIGGINS." By the author of the "Widow Bedott Papers." Published by George W. Carleton & Co., New York; and also for sale by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

THE SUNNY HOUR LIBRARY. By NELLIE EYSTER. Three volumes, Illustrated. Comprising "Sunny Hours; or, Child Life of Tom and Mary," "Chicapin Charlie," and "On the Wing." Published by Duffield Ashmead, Philada.

"THE CHILD'S OWN LIBRARY OF FAIRY TALES." Three vols., Illustrated. "AUNT FANNY'S FAIRY STORIES," Translated from the German by Charles A. Dana; "SEASIDE AND FIRESIDE FAIRIES." Translated from the German by A. L. Wister; and "THE CHILD'S OWN BOOK OF STANDARD FAIRY TALES," Illustrated by Dore and Cruikshank. Published by Duffield Ashmead, Philada.

THE DAY OF DOOM. BY MICHAEL WIGGLESWORTH, A. M., teacher of the Church at Malden, in New England, in 1662. From the sixth edition, 1752. Anybody who has a curiosity to know exactly what the old Puritans believed, can be satisfied by reading this reprint of one of the most popular of the religious works of the era between 1662 and 1752. Published by the American News Company, New York.

GENTLEMEN'S FASHIONS.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A great deal has been said in reference to the change in ladies fashions, while the gentlemen have been allowed to assume an equally ridiculous costume without even a remark. Place beside your young lady of seventeen, dressed as described in a June number, a young gentleman of twenty, wearing a high hat, swallow-tailed coat, tight-fitting pants, flourishing an ornamental cane, and see which would cut the most ludicrous figure. I will admit that some of the styles of ladies dresses are outlandish; but not any more so than the gentlemen's.

MAUD.

[*Note.*—We think Maud is mistaken in saying that the fashionable follies of gentlemen pass without remark. We have printed in THE POST a number of hits at the "chimney-pot hats," "shanghai" coats and pantaloons, &c.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

TO C. DICKENS, ESQ.

[Mr. Dickens's proposed visit to this country has set afloat once more among the newspapers the farewell verses which Tom Hood—Tom Hood, senior—addressed to his friend Boz on the occasion of his first trip across the Atlantic. The poem will probably be new to most of our readers.]

Pshaw! away with leaf and berry,
And the sober-sided cup!
Bring a goblet, and bright sherry,
And a bumper fill me up!
Though a pledge I had to shiver,
And the longest ever was!
Ere his vessel leaves our river,
I would drink a health to Boz!

Here's success to all his antics,
Since it pleases him to roam,
And to paddle o'er Atlantics,
After such a *sale* at home!
May he shun all rocks whatever,
And each shallow sand that lurks;
And his *passage* be as clever
As the best among his works.

Animal Grafts.

A French naturalist, M. Vulpian, cut off the tails of tadpoles, and saw them not only live but *grow* for ten days, indifferent to all theories of nervous centres, digestive apparatus, or circulatory systems. But the member that seems to have the strongest dose of the "vital principle" is the tail of a rat. This is the very ideal of life, and here, if anywhere, we ought to locate the seat of vitality. The following experiment was made by Mr. Bert. He dried a rat's tail under the bell of an air pump, and in immediate proximity to concentrated sulphuric acid, so as gradually to deprive it of all moisture. Then he placed it in a hermetically-sealed glass tube for five days. At the end of this time he subjected it for a number of hours to a temperature of ninety-eight degrees centigrade in a stove, and subsequently sealed it a second time in his tube. Four days more having elapsed, he united this tail by its cut extremity, to the freshly-cut stump of a living, healthy rat, and quietly awaited the result. His success was as complete as it was marvellous. It commenced to expand and perform the natural duties of a tail, and three months afterwards he demonstrated, by a second ampuation and careful injection, that it was furnished with proper vessels, and was a living part of the second rat!

The Respectable Dailies.

The "Advance," a new "religious paper," contains the following:—

"When Pontius Pilot wished to please the Jews by crucifying Jesus, and yet to appease his conscience and keep up decent appearances, he united with the commission of the crime a public washing of his hands, as a sign that he had no sympathy with the murderous demands of the Jews. Is it in imitation of this, that our so-called respectable dailies announce and report brutal pugilistic encounters, giving full and disgusting details, and then insert a solemn editorial lamenting the occurrence of such contests, and the depravity of the taste which gloats over them? Is the only difference in the fact that they make money by the hypocrisy, while Pilate did not?"

HAYTI.—They have already got another revolution on hand in Hayti. It is in favor of Montez (whoever he may be) and against President Salnave. A mob of six thousand armed men and women recently surrounded the House of Assembly at Port-au-Prince, who, however, managed to make good their escape. The mob kept firing on the palace, cheering all the while for Salnave, at whose instigation they threatened to sack the city.

☞ In the town of Coburg, N. Y., two months ago, an infant was born which weighed only one pound. The child is now in the third month of her existence, and has gained a pound and a half. An ordinary sized gentleman's finger-ring will easily pass over her arm to the elbow, and her shoes are just two inches long.

☞ "English ladies," says Erasmus, "are divinely pretty and *too* good-natured. They have an excellent custom among them, that wherever you go the girls kiss you. They kiss you when you come, they kiss you when you go, they kiss you at intervening opportunities, and their lips are soft, warm, and delicious."

☞ Snuff-taking, it is announced, is increasing in France more rapidly than the other modes of using tobacco. In four years the quantity consumed has increased ten per cent.

Negroes in the Cars.

Some months ago in the Philadelphia Court of Common Pleas, Judge Allison charged a jury, in the case of a colored woman against a conductor of a railroad train (Philadelphia and West Chester), who had put her off the train because she refused to sit where he directed her, that he was liable to damages for the assault. The jury gave the sum of $500 damages. An appeal was taken to the Supreme Court. On Monday week Judge Agnew (Republican) delivered the opinion of the Supreme Court, reversing the decision of Judge Allison. Judge Agnew says:—

"It is admitted no one can be excluded from carriage by a public carrier on account of color, religious belief, political relations or prejudices. But the defendants asked the Court to say if the seat which the plaintiff was directed to take was in all respects a comfortable, safe and convenient seat, nor inferior in any respect to the one she was directed to leave, she could not recover. The case therefore involves no assertion of the inferiority of the negro to the white passenger. The simple question is, whether the public carrier may, in the exercise of his private right of property, separate passengers by any other well-defined characteristic than that of sex. * * * *

"The right of the carrier to separate the passengers is founded on two grounds, his right to private property as a means of conveyance and the public interest. The private means he uses belongs wholly to himself, and imply the right of control for the protection of his own interest as well as the performance of his public duty. It is not an unreasonable regulation to seat passengers so as to preserve order and decorum and prevent contact and collision. If the grounds of regulation be reasonable, courts of justice cannot interfere with a carrier's right of private property. The right of a passenger is only that of being carried safely and with a due regard to his comfort and convenience, which are promoted by a sound and well-regulated separation of passengers. * * * * *

"Who would maintain that either at an inn or on a vessel it is a reasonable regulation to compel the passengers, black and white, to room or bed together? If a right of private property implies no right of control, who shall decide a contest between passengers for seats and berths?

"Why the Creator made one black and the other white is known not, but the fact is apparent and the races distinct. Conceding equality with natures as perfect and rights as sacred, yet God has made them dissimilar, and imparted to them features of character intended to imply that they shall not overstep the natural boundaries He has assigned to them. The natural law which forbids their intermarriage and the social amalgamation which leads to a corruption of races is clearly divine. The separation of the white and black races on the surface of the globe is a fact equally apparent. * * *

"The right of each to be free from social contact is as clear as their right to be free from intermarriage, * * * therefore, we declare a right to maintain separate relations as far as is reasonably practicable, but in a spirit of kindness and charity, with due regard to equality and rights.

"From an opinion delivered in 1837, by the late Judge Gibson, it appears that the *status* of the negro never fell within the term 'freemen,' and that the emancipation act of 1838 did not elevate him to a citizenship in the state. In 1838, the people of the Commonwealth, by an express amendment of their Constitution, drew the line directly between the white *citizen* and the black *inhabitants* of the state. It is clear, therefore, that under its Constitution the white and black man stand in separate relations. Never has there been an intermixture of the two races, socially, politically, civilly or religiously.

"Following these grounds we are compelled to declare that at the time of the alleged injury there was that natural, legal and customary difference between the black and the white passengers in a public conveyance, the subject of a sound regulation, to secure order, promote comfort and preserve the peace. The defendants were, therefore, entitled to an affirmative answer to the points recited in the opinion.

"Judgment reversed."

☞ It is very natural that bells should give tone to society.

☞ Never were chestnuts more abundant than this season. They are pouring into New York by the car load.

☞ Winter apples were selling in Brockport, New York, last week, at from $2 to $2.25 per barrel.

☞ The Milwaukee Sentinal urges that special seats be set apart for giggling girls at all concerts and operas.

☞ Ought not a young lady of eighteen springs to have a fine waterfall?

☞ The French correspondent of the Morning Star says that Mr. Home, the Spiritualist, is going to marry Madame Moet, of the champagne. Liking the wine, we don't like the news. No, no Home-made wine for us.—*London Punch.*

☞ The recent hydrographic survey of Maine discloses the fact that the head waters of the Androscoggin, Kennebeck, and Penobscot are higher than those of the Mississippi at Lake Itaska, although the distance from the source of the former river to the sea is less than 200 miles in a straight line; that Umbagog Lake is 1,256 feet above tide water, and Moosehead 107, and that the water power of the state is practically unlimited.

☞ GUNPOWDER MARKS.—Smear the scorched places with glycerine, by means of a feather, then apply cotton wadding; lastly, cover with oil silk. In one case the discoloration was very great, the patient looking more like a mummy than a living being. It entirely subsided in a month by the above treatment.

☞ The impression is fast gaining ground that the best "soldiers' asylums" are snug little cottages in the places where they and their families and friends now live. Great institutions, with expensive boards of management, are not wanted so much as places where the maimed and enfeebled veterans may find rest among old associations and old friends."

☞ Professor Blot thinks the ladies should do the marketing—probably because they can do it so much better.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

The Elections.

NEW YORK.—The Democratic majority in the city is about 60,000—the Republican vote falling short about 8,000 from last year. The Democrats carry the state (the *Tribune* estimates) by 40,000 majority—a gain of 53,000 from last year. In the Legislature the Republicans will probably have a majority of six in the Senate, and the Democrats a majority of ten to twelve in the House. Last year the Republican majorities were 22 in the Senate, 36 in the House, and 58 on joint ballot.

MARYLAND.—The Democratic majority is estimated at from forty to fifty thousand. Not a solitary Republican is elected to any office. St. Mary's County gives 1,510 Democratic and 39 Radical votes. Charles County, 1,230 Democratic and 7 Radical votes. Calvert County, 889 Democratic and 1 Radical vote.

Baltimore goes for the Democrats by a very heavy majority. The Republican vote is less than 5,000. The vote for Lincoln in Baltimore in 1864 was nearly 15,000—and in the state Mr. Lincoln received 40,000 out of 73,000 votes.

MASSACHUSETTS.—Returns from 316 towns, comprising nearly the whole state, give the following result:—Bullock, (Rep.) 95,589. Adams, (Dem.) 68,862. Republican majority, 26,727.

The Republican majority last year was about 65,000—a Republican loss of 38,000. The Republicans have a majority of 14 in the Senate and 108 in the House—on joint ballot, 117. Last year the majority on joint ballot was 258. The prohibitionists are badly defeated. Of the Senators, 28 are for license and 6 for prohibition, while of the 195 Representatives, 155 are for license.

Boston gives Adams, the Democratic candidate for Governor, 1,742 majority. Last year she gave Bullock (Repub.) 4,908 majority—a Republican loss of 6,740 votes.

John Quincy Adams, the defeated Democratic candidate for Governor, was elected Representative from the Quincy district.

NEW JERSEY.—In this state the issue of "negro suffrage" was squarely made. The Democrats have carried the state by about 14,000 majority. The Democrats carried all the counties but four. The new State Senate consists, according to the New York Tribune, of eleven Democrats and ten Republicans, a Democratic majority of one. Last year the Republican majority in the Senate was five. The Assembly consists of forty-six Democrats and fourteen Republicans, a Democratic majority of thirty-two. Last year the Republicans had six majority in the Assembly.

MINNESOTA.—Scattering returns from Minnesota indicate that Marshall, Republican, is elected Governor by about 4,000 majority—a Republican loss of about 5,000.

MISSOURI.—In Missouri the county elections are reported to show Democratic gains. James B. McCormick, Democrat, is elected to Congress in place of Thos. E. Noell, deceased, by over 1,000 majority.

WISCONSIN.—The returns indicate that Fairchild (Rep.) is elected Governor by about 4,000 majority.

KANSAS.—This state has probably been carried by the Republicans, though the returns show heavy Democratic gains. The Bulletin, (Radical,) says, "the returns indicate a Republican victory in the state by reduced majorities, and the defeat of the constitutional amendment by a much larger vote than was anticipated." Female suffrage is said to be defeated by a still greater majority than negro suffrage.

GEORGIA.—The latest returns increase the Convention majority. The vote will probably reach 110,000. The white vote is about 30,000.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—It is ascertained that the entire number of registered voters in South Carolina is 125,336, of whom 45,751 are whites and 79,585 blacks, and the negro majority in that state is therefore 33,834.

ALABAMA.—The Alabama Reconstruction Convention, by a vote of 45 to 42, has tabled a proposition to abolish the present State Government within twenty days. An ordinance has been introduced and referred, providing for the organization of a new Provisional State Government to date from the 1st of January.

VIRGINIA.—It is officially stated from Richmond that 14,000 whites neglected to register in Virginia. An Address is now out, asking them to register and vote down the radical Constitution. 5,500 persons are disfranchised in that state.

THE PRESIDENCY.—It is stated that 150 Grant Clubs have been organized in Pennsylvania during the past month. Forney is out in five or six columns to prove Grant is a Radical, but Wendell Phillips says: "I have sounded every public man with whom I have come in contact, who knows General Grant personally and intimately, but I never yet found the man who would undertake to say, of his own knowledge, that General Grant was a Radical in his views of the future policy of this country."

On the Democratic side, either Seymour (of N. Y.,) Pendleton of Ohio, or General McClellan of Penn., will probably be nominated.

THE YELLOW FEVER.—The yellow fever has been declared no longer an epidemic in New Orleans. Six deaths from the disease were reported on Tuesday, making the total of deaths from the pestilence to date, 3,006.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The Interior Department has received the report of the Government Commissioners, who have accepted thirty-five miles more of the Union Pacific Railroad. The road is now in operation for five hundred and five miles west of Omaha, and will be finished to Cheyenne, twelve miles further to the Eastern base of the Rocky Mountains. They report that the Company have in service, fifty-one engines and eleven hundred cars. In the last thirty-five miles there were forty-five bridges.

SUNDAY CARS.—The Supreme Court of Pennsylvania has dissolved the injunction granted some months ago by Justice Strong at *nisi prius*, restraining the passenger railway companies of Philadelphia from running their cars on Sunday. The justices who concurred in dissolving the injunction are Woodward, Thompson, and Read; the dissenting justices being Strong and Agnew. It is understood that the ground taken by Justices Woodward and Thompson is that the remedy of those who oppose the running of the cars is by action at law, and not in equity, as in the present suit; while Judge Read, after stating at length the reasons for the decision, says: "I place my opinion, therefore, of the entire legality of running passenger cars on Sunday, on the same footing with the Sunday trains of the steam railroads, as being clearly within the exceptions both of necessity and charity."

Foreign Intelligence.

ITALY.—The campaign of Garibaldi against Rome has proved to be a disastrous failure. On the 3d of Oct., with 3,500 men and two cannon, he left his camp near Monte Rotondo, and advanced to attack Tivoli, which was held by the Papal troops. He found the latter numbering 6,000, posted in a strong position and supported by artillery. The Pontifical troops immediately opened fire with their batteries, and upon the approach of the Garibaldians a desperate battle ensued, which lasted forty-five minutes. Garibaldi then retreated and the battle was renewed at Monte Rotondo.

The insurgents fought with great obstinacy, and kept up the conflict at this point for two hours and a half, when, exhausted and overwhelmed, they gave way and were utterly routed. Of the insurgents, 450 were killed and 900 were taken prisoners. No idea of the number of the wounded can be formed. The total loss of the Papal troops engaged was 200 killed and wounded.

Another account says:—During the battles of Sunday, Garibaldi brought into action 10,000 men. At one time the Papal troops were beaten, and Garibaldi was gaining ground, when the French came up and turned the victory into a defeat. The Garibaldians lost 800 killed and wounded and 2,000 prisoners. Garibaldi is now in prison at Vegevano, in Piedmont. The greatest agitation prevails throughout Italy.

The Italian troops have been recalled from the territory of Rome, and the French are to be withdrawn to Civita Vecchia.

The call for a general conference of the European Powers will soon be issued by the French government.

Bismark says officially that the government of Prussia is neutral at present on the Roman question.

ENGLAND.—There have been serious food riots in Exeter and Axminster—the provision stores were sacked. Riots are also reported at Torquay, Exmouth and other places.

WEST INDIES.—The town of St. Thomas, in the West Indies, was destroyed by a hurricane on the 29th of Oct., and several hundred lives are reported to be lost.

MEXICO.—Late advices from Mexico state that it was momentarily expected that a revolution would break out in that republic for the overthrow of President Juarez. It would appear that it is only men of Anglo-Saxon descent, who are capable of carrying on a Republic.

Truth.

It is related of a Persian mother that, on giving her son forty pieces of silver as his portion, she made him promise never to tell a lie, and then said, "Go, my son; I commit thee to God; we shall not meet again till the day of judgment."

The youth went away, and the party he travelled with was attacked by robbers. One fellow asked the boy what money he had got, and he said, "Forty dinars sewed up in my garments." The robber laughed, and thought he was jesting. Another asked him the same question, and received the same answer.

At last the chief called him and asked him what he had. He said, "I have told two of your people already, that I have forty dinars sewed up in my clothes."

He ordered the clothes to be ripped open, and found the money. "And how came you to tell this?" asked the chief.

"Because," replied the child, "I would not be false to my mother, to whom I promised never to tell a lie."

"Child," said the robber, "art thou so mindful, at thy tender years, of thy duty to thy mother, and am I insensible, at my age, of the duty I owe to God? Give me thy hand, that I may promise repentance on it." He did so. His followers were struck with the scene. "You have been our leader in guilt," said they to the chief; "now be the same in the path of virtue."

They immediately gave back what they had stolen, and began at once to lead an honest life.

☞ Rev. Theo. L. Cuyler suggests that "on stormy Sundays every one should go to the nearest church, thus securing to every pastor a large audience even on the dreariest days, and to the people an opportunity to hear other than their own preachers, and thus promoting a spirit of Christian harmony among different denominations."

☞ Louisville is enjoying wicked merriment over the adventures of two ministers who went to see the "Black Crook" in that city on a recent Thursday night, disguised by false whiskers, and who were arrested in the second tier as suspicious characters.

☞ Just-like-a-Bear is the suggestive name of one of the Indian chiefs recently in council with the Indian Commissioners. He talked very like a white man. Said he, "I will be the white man's friend so long as he gives me anything. That's why I love the white man, because he gives me presents."

☞ A woman in France has sold her hair fifteen times since her childhood. It grows twelve inches every year, and has yielded a profit to her of two thousand francs. Many of our belles would give twenty times that sum to have it once upon their own heads.

☞ "Why don't you trade with me?" said a close-fisted tradesman to a friend the other day. The reply was characteristic: "You have never asked me, sir. I have looked all through the papers for an invitation in the shape of an advertisement, and found none. I never go where I am not invited."

☞ The Roman Catholic Bishop of Liverpool has created an excitement in that city by preaching against low-necked dresses. One would think that low-necked dresses must be especially aggravating to the Roman Catholic priesthood.

☞ South Carolina will probably be safe from fears of famine this winter. Letters from that state say that the most abundant corn crop is now harvesting known for many years. It is selling for fifty cents per bushel, but there is little sale for it, as few have money to purchase with.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

Splendid Inducements for 1868.

The proprietors of this "Queen of the Monthlies" announce the following novelets for next year:—

A DEAD MAN'S RULE. By Elizabeth Prescott, author of "How a Woman had Her Way," &c.

THE DEBARRY FORTUNE. By Amanda M. Douglas, author of "In Trust," "Stephen Dane," &c.

FLEEING FROM FATE. By Louise Chandler Moulton, author of "Juno Clifford," &c.

These will be accompanied by numerous short stories, poems, &c., by Florence Percy, Harriet Prescott Spofford, Mrs. Louise Chandler Moulton, Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss V. F. Townsend, August Bell, Mrs. Hosmer, Frances Lee, &c., &c.

The Lady's Friend is edited by Mrs. HENRY PETERSON, and nothing but what is of a refined and elevating character is allowed entrance into its pages.

The Fashions, Fancy Work, &c.

A Splendid double page finely colored Fashion Plate, engraved on steel, in the finest style of art, will illustrate each number. Also other engravings, illustrating the latest patterns of Dresses, Cloaks, Bonnets, Head-dresses, Fancy Work, Embroidery, &c.

BEAUTIFUL STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

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☞ The contents of The Lady's Friend and of The Post will always be entirely different.

☞ Specimen numbers sent on receipt of 15 cts.

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Hoaxing the Ladies.

A correspondent at Vienna writes as follows:—

"I think I mentioned to you already that during the Sultan's stay in Vienna the palace of Schonbrun was literally besieged by fair petitioners to be admitted to his presence. Something of the same sort occurred in Paris, and some one, fond of a practical joke, has turned the fact to account. A number of letters, purporting to emanate from the private secretary of the Sultan, all written on the most delicate paper and with a seal of unusual size, have been sent by post to a number of ladies belonging to the *demi-monde*, as well also as to some beautiful and rich women of high rank. The recipients were not a little astonished, on opening the missive, to read as follows:—

"'PRIVATE SECRETARY'S OFFICE OF HIS MAJESTY THE SULTAN, PALACE OF ELYSEE, July 8, 1867.

"'*Madame*,—By command of His Majesty, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter, dated yesterday, by which you solicit the high honor of being received in the harem of His Majesty. As at present the harem is quite full, your request cannot be entertained. His Majesty, however, has charged me to thank you for your most amiable offer, and I on my side, am much pleased to have this opportunity to assure you of the high respect with which I subscribe myself,

"'Madame, your obedient servant,

"'SMERLAP PASCHA.'

"Not small was the indignation which Smerlap Pascha's letter called forth, fair-spoken as he was and courtly as was his manner. On inquiry it was discovered there was no such individual in existence, and that the whole thing was a hoax."

A New Era in Furnaces.

We find the following account of a new and economical method of heating houses in a late number of the Rochester Democrat. Considerable interest has been manifested in relation to the operation of a new furnace called the Solartype, the invention of J. C. Cochrane, of Rochester. The surprising economy in the consumption of fuel claimed for it was hardly credited and needed demonstration:

Last week a Solartype Furnace was put up in the Central church in this city, in place of one of the old style of about the same size. As a starting point, the hot air register was doubled, making a regular surface of about twelve feet square. On heating the furnace a full and steady volume of air was thrown through this register at a temperature of from 120 to 180 degrees, and never reaching the boiling point of water, so that the air was pure and unburnt and of great comparative density. The fire box is fifteen by nineteen inches only. It was filled with coal on Monday and maintained a handsome fire without replenishing until Wednesday night. This is at least four times as long as the same amount of fuel will last in any common furnace. In cold weather more coal is of course necessary, but the relative saving will be always the same, and the assertion of Mr. Cochrane that at least one-half of the fuel is lost by the escape of unconsumed gases, in the ordinary method of combustion, seems conclusively proved. The Solartype certainly speaks for itself, and must without doubt entirely supersede the common furnace.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

☞ On the Pacific Railway, in Kansas, one day last week, an exciting encounter took place between a herd of buffalo and a passenger train. For three miles the buffalo pushed along parallel with the train. Many shots were fired, but nothing stopped the tide of the stampeded beasts. Finally they swept across the track, ahead of the locomotive, fairly worsting the iron horse by bringing him to a halt.

The American Colony in Palestine.

"Mark Twain," in the *N. Y. Tribune*, gives the following account of this curious set of "religionists":—

ALEXANDRIA, Egypt, Oct. 2, 1867.

The American excursion steamer Quaker City arrived here to-day from Jaffa, in Palestine. All the passengers are well.

The Quaker City brings about 30 or 40 of Old Adams's American-Colony dupes. Others have deserted before, and 17 have died since the foolish expedition landed in Palestine a year ago. Fifteen still remain outside the walls of Jaffa, with Adams, the prophet. These 15 are all that are left of the original 100 that sailed from Maine twelve months ago, to found a new colony and a new religion in Syria, and wait for the second coming of Christ. The colonists have been sadly disappointed. The colony was a failure, and Christ did not come. The colony failed on account of heavy taxes and poor crops—a discrepancy between the almanac and the Book of Revelations interfered with the Second Advent. Adams, the Prophet of God, got drunk in September, 1866, and remains so to this day. It is to be hoped that he will see the error of his ways when he gets sober.

The famous Adams colonization expedition may be considered as finished, extinguished, and ready for its obituary. The 15 want to go home badly enough, but they have got no money, are in debt to Adams, and must stay and work for him. So ends one of the strangest chapters in American history. This man Adams is a shrewd man, and a seductive talker. He got up a new religion, and went about preaching it in the state of Maine and thereabouts. I have asked several of these colonists on board the ship what its nature was, but they are singularly reticent on the subject. They speak vaguely of a flood which was promised, but turned out to be a drought; they do not say what the flood had to do with their salvation, or how it was going to prosper their religion. They talk also of the long-prophecied assembling of the Jews in Palestine from the four quarters of the world, and the restoration of their ancient power and grandeur, but they do not make it appear that an immigration of Yankees to the Holy Land was contemplated by the old prophets as a part of that programme; and now that the Jews have not "swarmed," yet one is left at a loss to understand why that circumstance should distress the American colony of Mr. Adams. I can make neither head nor tail of this religion. I have been told all along that there was a strong free-love feature in it, but a glance at the colonists of both sexes on board this ship has swept that notion from my mind.

Mr. Adams preached his new doctrine, and gathered together a little band of 100 men, women and children last year, and sailed for Jaffa, in Syria. They were simple, unpretending country people, nearly all from one county (Washington) in Maine, and received Adams's extravagant account of the beauty of the paradise he was taking them to, and the richness of its soil, with full confidence. Many of the colonists brought horses, and all manner of farming implements, and all seem to have started with a fair amount of money. Adams became custodian of all the funds. They could not have selected a better—he has got them yet. He had no money when he started out as a prophet, but now he is in reasonably comfortable circumstances, and his colonists are reduced to poverty. The first crop of the colonists did not return them even the seed they put in the ground. This year they raised what is considered in Syria a very good crop—seven bushels of wheat to the acre (the natives call a season like this a "blessed year")—but they had sowed two bushels of seed to the acre; they had to save two bushels out for next year's planting, rents and taxes took rather more than the balance, and so no fortunes were made. In Palestine the Government takes one-fourth of the gross yield of the field, the landlord from whom the farm is rented takes one-fifth of the gross yield, and what is left must be saved for seed. Foreigners must rent land, they cannot own it. The colonist who raised the best crop this year lost $500 on it. He thinks if he had raised a better one it would have beggared him. Irrigation would make the rich plain of Jaffa yield astonishing crops of wheat, but at the same time it would make it yield still more astonishing crops of thorns and thistles seven feet high; and, therefore, on the whole, it would be unwise to irrigate, even if one had the facilities for it.

For one year, under the flaming sun of Syria, the colonists have struggled along, moneyless, disappointed, disheartened, and hopeless. The prophet treasurer, Adams, has had to support them most of the time, because he could not help himself. He is glad to get rid of any that leave him, no doubt, and they are glad enough to get away from the filthy, thieving, miserable horde of pauper Arabs that have infested their "paradise" like vermin for so many weary months. Poor Adams himself has suffered much. Our Consul at Jerusalem has been obliged to imprison him twice for various reasons; his lambs, whom he was trying so hard to lead to heaven by a new road, have grumbled sore and sighed for the flesh-pots of America; his crops have come to naught, and even the wife of his bosom, instead of comforting him in his season of affliction, would deprive him of the poor consolation of getting drunk. He has had a harder run of luck than almost any prophet that ever lived, because, in addition to his mere ordinary sufferings, he has had the humiliation of seeing all his prophecies go by default. It cannot be otherwise than disgusting to a prophet when his prophecies don't fit the almanac.

The Quaker City has now become an emigrant-ship for fanatical pilgrims *from* the Holy Land. What is to be the next chapter in her eventful history?

What I have said about the Adams expedition I got from the Adams refugees themselves, and I have no doubt it is entirely correct. The names of those who are passengers by the Quaker City are as follows:

Mrs. P. W. Tabbatt, E. A. Tabbatt, Miss Drusilla Ward, Moses W. Leighton, Mrs. Nancy S. Leighton, M. B. Leighton, G. W. Ames, Z. Corson, Misses D., E., and L. Corson, Leonard Corson, Mrs. C. M. Corson, Mrs. C. H. Witham, F. M. Witham, E. K. Emerson, John A. Briscoe, Mrs. Charlotte A. Briscoe, Misses Lizzie C. and Julia Briscoe, Charles E. Burns, Mrs. Lucy W. Burns, J. B. Ames and wife, A. Norton and wife, P. Norton, E. C. Norton, E. Norton, L. P. Norton, P. F. Emerson, Mr. Rogers and wife.

About half of the above list pay their own way. The other half are provided with funds raised for the purpose by various United States Consuls in the Levant. The refugees propose to go by English steamer from Alexandria to Liverpool, and thence home to America. MARK TWAIN.

☞ Silk culture, as wine making, promises to be an important part of the business of California in the future. Silk worms have been bred in California regularly since 1860, and the weather being favorable, the increase has been rapid, and next year the total production will, it is expected, reach as high as 15,000,000 cocoons. It is said that the average of European cocoons in quality of fibre is considerably surpassed by the California cocoons.

☞ A birth is found recorded in an old family Bible at West Haven, Conn., as follows: "Elizabeth Jones, born on the 20th of November, 1785, according to the best of her recollection."

H. H. H.—RADWAY'S READY RELIEF.—To be used on all occasions of pain or sudden sickness. Immediate relief and consequent cure for the ailments and diseases prescribed, is what the RELIEF guarantees to perform. Its motto, is plain and systematic: *It will surely cure!* There is no other remedy, no other LINIMENT, no kind of PAIN-KILLER, that will check pain so suddenly and so satisfactorily as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. It has been thoroughly tested in the workshop and in the field, in the counting-room and at the forge, among civilians and soldiers, in the parlor and in the hospital, throughout all the varied climes of the earth, and one general verdict has come home; "*The moment Radway's Ready Relief is applied externally, or taken internally according to directions, PAIN, from whatever cause, ceases to exist!*" Use no other kind for SPRAINS, or BURNS, or SCALDS, or CUTS, CHAFES, BRUISES, or STRAINS. It is excellent for CHILBLAINS, MOSQUITO BITES, also STINGS OF POISONOUS INSECTS. It is unparalleled for SUN STROKES, APOPLEXY, RHEUMATISM, TOOTHACHE, TIC DOLOUREUX, INFLAMMATION OF THE STOMACH, BOWELS, KIDNEYS, &c. Good for almost everything. No family should be without it. Follow directions and a speedy cure will be effected. Sold by Druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle. mar9-domtf

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MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 31st of Oct., by the Rev. Wm. Catheart, Mr. JOHN J. WORTHINGTON to Miss HARRIET J. BENNET, both of Bucks county.

On the 8th of Oct., 1867, by the Rev. John Kurtz, WILLIAM MATHEWS to ADALINE BARGER, both of this city.

On the 31st of Oct., by the Rev. Henry H. Bean, Dr. JOHN P. WORRELL to MARY LOUISA N., daughter of Andw. Finley, Esq., both of this city.

On the 31st of Oct., by the Rev. Robert P. Chase, Mr. JOHN MAXWELL to Miss ELLEN OWEN, both of this city.

On the 28th of Oct., by the Rev. Thos. B. Miller, M. D., Mr. DAVIS STRICKLAND to Miss ROSA LEECH, both of this city.

On the 31st of Oct., by the Rev. S. W. Thomas, Mr. WILLIAM H. AMBLER to Miss ADDIE M. MANNING, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th instant, JAMES H. KEMPTON, aged 66 years.

On the 4th instant, Mrs. SARAH FISHER, in her 82d year.

On the 4th instant, PRISCILLA DAVIS, in her 79th year.

On the 3d instant, CHARLES H. DOWNING, aged 62 years.

On the 3d instant, ELIZABETH HODSON, in her 72d year.

On the 2d instant, Mrs. LYDIA E. NORTH, in her 58th year.

On the 2d instant, GEORGE CHANCE, in his 61st year.

On the 1st instant, HANNAH H. FRANKLIN, in her 65th year.

On the 31st of Oct., CATHARINE BOTTINGER, in her 75th year.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—The market has been dull. Sales of 5000 bbls at $7,50@8,50 for superfine; $8,50@9,50 for extra; $10,75@11 for low grade and fancy northwest family; $11@12,25 for Pennsylvania and Ohio family, and $13@14 ₩ bbl for fancy brands, according to quality. Rye Flour sells at $6,50@9 ₩ bbl.

GRAIN—There has been very little demand for Wheat. Sales of 4000 bus fair to prime red at $2,20@2,47, and 3000 bus of choice do at $2,50. Rye—3000 bus of Pennsylvania sold at $155@157. Corn—25,000 bush of prime yellow sold at $1,37@1,40, and 12,000 bus of Western mixed at $1,25@1,28. Oats—20,000 bus sold at 66c up to 73c ₩ bus.

PROVISIONS—There has been very little doing. Pork commands $25,50@26 for mess; $24 for prime do, and $20 for prime. City packed mess Beef sells at $25. Bacon—Sales of hams at 18@20c; sides are taken in lots at 17@17½c, and shoulders at 13½@13¾c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled hams at 16@17c and shoulders, in salt, at 12@12½c. Lard—Sales in tes and bbls at 13½@13¾c, and kegs at 14@14½c. Butter—Sales of old at 14@30c; new at 30@35c, and roll at 30@35c. Cheese is quiet; sales at 12@14½c. Eggs sell at 30@31c ₩ dozen.

COTTON—The market has been dull. About 600 bales of middlings sold at 18@18¾c for uplands, and 19@19½c ₩ ₩ for New Orleans.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 9000 head. The prices realized from 8½@8¾ cts ₩ ₩. 250 Cows brought from $40 to 65 ₩ head. Sheep—5000 head were disposed of at from 4½@5½c ₩ ₩. 3500 Hogs sold at from $9,75 to 10,25 ₩ 100 ₩.

The Art of Dressing Well.

It is said that we might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion, and this is essentially true in a great many respects. The grand art of dressing well consists in first perfectly understanding what is the fashion, and then using your own taste as regards color and materials. There is such a variety of styles and complexions that what one finds becoming makes another look extremely ugly. Everybody, therefore, should know what style suits them best, and what color is most becoming, and dress accordingly. The great fault of the age is display, and many think that they must have gilt, and gew-gaws, and gay colors, to produce effect. In this they are wrong, however, as the handsomest toilet is where everything is simple, yet elegant and tasty. The surest proof that a lady is well-dressed is to be perfectly conscious, whilst you are with her, that she is elegantly and becomingly dressed; and yet when you leave her be unable to describe what she has on. Young ladies, as a general thing, make great mistakes as regards dress. They all seem to vie with one another to see which can dress the handsomest and most expensively, and have the greatest variety of out-door, in-door, and ball costumes. We heard a young lady boasting that last winter she had had six new cloaks, and three times that number of dresses. No wonder that young gentlemen are afraid to marry when they hear of such extravagances as these, and imagine, and very justly, too, that to support a wife in such a style they must needs be an Astor or a Stewart, or a modern Crœsus. No wonder they frequent clubs and other places, and keep themselves far away from the fascinations of these Flora McFlimseys of society. There can be no doubt that a certain amount of attention to dress is very necessary, and that a woman's duty to herself and to others is to make herself as attractive and handsome as possible. We candidly acknowledge that we love to see a woman well and tastefully dressed, and even expensively, provided her station in life and her fortune admits of it. The worst of it is, however, that the poor strive to imitate the rich, therefore making themselves miserable, and driving their husbands, fathers and brothers to ruin and misery. Young ladies should let their judgment be seen, as regards dress, by joining frugality and simplicity together, in never being fond of superfluous finery, and in carefully distinguishing between what is glaring and what tasteful and elegant. In this way they will be sure to captivate most and please longest. We have yet to see the young lady who is brave enough to dress plainly and quietly in society, one who has sufficient self-respect to feel that she will be appreciated and admired in spite of her simple toilet. One can be elegant in dress, and yet have it simple and cheap.

If it is only tasty and pretty, the majority of people, and especially gentlemen, would never stop to think whether it cost two or ten dollars a yard, and would not be critics enough on the subject to be able to tell whether it was made at home, or by Madame La Mode. A great many think that if they only dress well in public, that it makes very little difference how they dress in their own house. We heard a good story of a gentleman, who had been very attentive to a young lady for some time, and was just on the point of proposing to her. He had always been in the habit of calling on her in the evening, and she always looked beautifully, her hair dressed in glossy curls, and her dress looking neat and pretty. Seeing her so beautiful by gas-light, he was desirous of seeing if she would not look equally well in a simple morning toilet, and accordingly resolved to see her in that role. With this idea, he one evening, after calling on her, left his cane, accidentally on purpose, in the hall, thereby giving himself a good excuse to call for it the next morning.

He presented himself at the early hour of ten o'clock, and was ushered by the servant into the parlor. The shutters were half opened, and by the dim light he discerned a figure seated at the piano, whom he at once took for one of the servants. She was dressed in a faded red dressing gown, and soiled linen collar, her front hair in crimping-pins, and her back hair in curl papers. Imagine his surprise when the figure turned around, and lo and behold! it was the young lady herself. It is not necessary to add that he did *not* propose, judging that if she was so slovenly in her own home, she would be infinitely more so in his. Young ladies, let this be a warning to you all; and if you are only able to afford a calico gown, still, if it is neat and pretty, it will answer every purpose. Let your linen be spotless, and your hair be dressed smooth and plain—you will then always be neat, and consequently at ease, and will never be in danger of appearing butterflies one day, and slatterns the next. You will always be ready to receive your friends without seeming to be caught, or be at all disconcerted on account of your dress. Charity in this, as in many other things, commences at home, and we hope all our lady readers will remember to be neatly dressed—no matter how plain—so that if any one should call for a lost cane, or a missing glove, they may be ready to go down immediately and help them in their search for them. "MAUD MAY."

—*New York Eve. Mail.*

Bench and Bar.

Hon. L. J. Bigelow, of Watertown, N. Y., has compiled a book bearing the above title, which purports to contain a complete digest of the wit and humor of gentlemen of the legal profession, so far as it has "transpired." We extract a few anecdotes:

CHIEF-JUSTICE HALE.

Chief-Justice Hale was strongly opposed to the severity of the English law, and took occasion, whenever he found opportunity, to show his repugnance to its needless severity. Once he tried a half-starved lad on a charge of burglary. The prisoner had been shipwrecked upon the Cornish coast, and on his way through an inhospitable district had endured the pangs of extreme hunger. In his distress, the famished wanderer broke the window of a baker's shop and stole a loaf of bread. Under the circumstances, Hale directed the jury to acquit the prisoner; but, less merciful than the judge, the gentlemen of the box returned a verdict of "guilty"—a verdict which the chief-justice stoutly refused to act upon. After much resistance, the jurymen were starved into submission, and the youth was set at liberty. Several years elapsed, and Chief-Justice Hale was riding the Northern circuit, when he was received with such costly and excessive pomp by the sheriff of a Northern county, that he expostulated with his entertainer on the lavish profuseness of his conduct. "My lord," answered the sheriff, with emotion, "don't blame me for showing my gratitude to the judge who saved my life when I was an outcast. Had it not been for you I should have been hanged in Cornwall for stealing a loaf, instead of living to be the richest landowner of my native county."

LORD ELDON.

The chancellor was sitting in his study over a table of papers, when a young and lovely girl, slightly rustic in her attire, slightly embarrassed by the novelty of her position, but thoroughly in command of her wits, entered the room and walked up to the lawyer's chair.

"My dear," said the chancellor, rising and bowing with Old-World courtesy, "who *are* you?"

"Lord Eldon," answered the blushing maiden, "I am Bessie Bridge, of Woolby, the daughter of the Vicar of Woolby, and papa has sent me to remind you of a promise which you made him when I was a little baby and you were a guest in his house on the occasion of your first election as member of Parliament for Woolby."

"A promise, my dear young lady?" interposed the chancellor, trying to recall how he had pledged himself.

"Yes, Lord Eldon, a promise. You were standing over my cradle when papa said to you, 'Mr. Scott, promise me that if ever you are lord chancellor, when my little girl is a poor clergyman's wife, you will give her husband a living;' and you answered, 'Mr. Bridge, my promise is not worth half a crown, but I give it to you, wishing it were worth more.'"

Enthusiastically the chancellor exclaimed, "You are quite right. I admit the obligation. I remember all about it;" and then, after a pause, archly surveying the damsel, whose graces were the reverse of matronly, he added, "but surely the time for keeping my promise has not yet arrived? You cannot be any one's wife at present?"

For a few seconds Bessie hesitated for an answer, and then, with a blush, and a ripple of silver laughter, she replied—

"No, but I do so wish to be *somebody's* wife. I am engaged to a young clergyman, and there's a living in Herefordshire near my old home that has recently fallen vacant, and if you'll give it to Alfred, why then, Lord Eldon, we shall marry before the end of the year."

Is there need to say that the chancellor forthwith summoned his secretary, that the secretary forthwith made out the presentation to Bessie's lover, and that, having given the chancellor a kiss of gratitude, Bessie made good speed back to Herefordshire, hugging the precious document the whole way home.

LORD MANSFIELD.

Lord Mansfield had a great abhorrence of the penal system of England, and used every effort to have it modified. His humanity was so shocked by the bare thought of killing a man for committing a trifling theft, that he on one occasion ordered a jury to find that a stolen trinket was of less value than forty shillings, in order that the thief might escape the capital sentence. The prosecutor, a dealer in jewelry, was so mortified by the judge's leniency, that he exclaimed, "What, my lord, my gold trinket not worth forty shillings! Why, the fashion alone cost me twice the money!" Removing his glance from the vindictive tradesman, Lord Mansfield turned toward the jury, and said, with solemn gravity, "As we stand in need of God's mercy, gentlemen, let us not hang a man for fashion's sake."

A Farm-House in the Highlands.

A Highland clachan is one of the most picturesque things in the world, all its beauty being due to nature, and its coloring exquisite—gold of lichen, rose of granite, green of moss, the peat-stacks, with their intense depth of mingled purples and browns, making the walls gleam like jewelry. The landscape near it is generally lovely—a gray precipice, a purple hill, or a rocky stream; cows, in lovelier fur than any other cows; nothing grander than a little Highland bull, black as coal, marching heavily, with a strong sense of his own personal dignity and might. Sheep, too, with twisted horns, which the travelling tinker will make spoons of some day for the cottagers' wives; a little field of corn, all green and gold in its partial ripening, and laid, perhaps, by thoughtless gales; a little kail-yard, and the Highland woman, her eyes brown as the pool of a stream in the heather, her cheeks full and florid as red apples, her hair of the deepest brown or black.

IN 1859, Mr. K., a prosperous business man of St. Louis, captured a thief in his sleeping apartment. The culprit pleaded so hard for release, that Mr. K. set him at liberty, on promising of future good behavior, giving him some money besides. In 1860, Mr. K. failed in business, and became a clerk at a moderate salary. Passing the post-office a short time since, K., who was very shabbily attired, was accosted by an elegantly-dressed, bejeweled individual, with, "How do you do, Mr. K.? Glad to see you. Still in business on Main street?" K., vainly endeavoring to remember the stranger, replied that he was not in business; in fact, was hunting a situation. Stranger said, "Please walk with me a short distance." The two repaired to a hotel, where the stranger introduced himself as the repentant thief. He forced K. to accept a loan of $10,000, with which to recommence business. He said that during the war he had made large sums of money, and he had long desired to express his gratitude to K. in some substantial manner.

☞ A schoolboy being asked to define the word "admission," said it meant twenty-five cents. "Twenty-five cents!" echoed the schoolmaster. "What sort of definition do you call that?" "I don't know," sulkily replied the boy, "but I'm sure it says so in the advertisement down there at the show." "Yes," said another boy, "and children half price."

WEATHER-BOUND.

Thou pitiless, false sea!
How, like a woman, thou wilt softly sigh
With heaving breast where bubble jewels shine,
Or, beckoning, toss thy foam-white arms on high,
And laugh with those blue, sunny eyes of thine!

Ah, crouching, creeping sea!
Thou tiger-cat! how, while the winds make pause
To stroke thy long, smooth back in quiet play,
Thou can's't unsheath thy velvet-hidden claws
And spring all unawares upon thy prey!

Thou treacherous, cruel sea!
How thou wilt show thy glittering smile at night,
Hiding thy fangs, hushing thy fiendish cry,
And rise in gentle sport from licking white
The bones of men that underneath thee lie!

O bitter, bitter sea!
Didst thou not fawn about my naked feet,
When I stood with thee on the beach, and say
That thou wouldst bear me swiftly home to meet
My darling, waiting there in vain to-day?

Yes, thou most mighty sea!
Keep then that promise murmured on the shore;
Put thy great shoulders to our loitering keel,
Not as in rage and wrath thou hast before—
Let the good ship thy help gigantic feel.

Thou answerest me, O sea!
Lifting in silence, o'er the waters stilled,
The shattered fragment of a rainbow fair,
A mocking promise, ne'er to be fulfilled,
Based on the waves and broken in mid-air.

PLANCHETTE.

[We take the following article from a London periodical. The writer alludes to the "Planchette" as an American invention; and yet this is the first *we* ever heard of it. Perhaps some of our readers have been more fortunate.—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

Last autumn I was enjoying the hospitality of an old friend in the north of Scotland. The weather was charming; game plentiful—grouse, black game, partridges, hares; the moors blooming with heather; the fields dotted with corn-stooks; the river, flowing just below the old baronial hall, was full of salmon; and so lovely in itself that to fail to catch them there was better than good sport in many tamer waters. There were croquet parties, pleasant companions, excellent fare, and all, in short, that could conduce to make a visit delightful. But there was still another source of amusement, mysterious and novel, at least in this country, which is, I believe, well known across the Atlantic. Perhaps some trans-Atlantic contributor may be induced to give a fuller and more satisfactory account of it than the following imperfect sketch.

When I reached my friend's house, I found among the guests my old friend Mr. B., who had lately returned from a tour in the States, and was full of all he had seen there. After dinner, when we "joined the ladies," the pianoforte was open, and my friend B. was apparently persuading a young lady to sing. I heard him say imploringly, "Planchette!" which I assumed to be some favorite song of his, though unknown to me. Miss A. gave a gesture of dissent, and then proceeded to "Call the cattle home across the sands o' Dee," a song much more familiar to us all, certainly to me, than the mysterious "Planchette." The song over, the fair songstress and Mr. B. betook themselves to a retired part of the drawing-room, and soon were intent over what appeared to me some game. They leant over the little table which separated them, and whatever their occupation was, it appeared to be very engrossing.

The evening terminated in the usual gathering of male guests in the servants'-hall, where, over toddy and cigars, we shot our grouse and caught our salmon over again. B. left us early, having to pack up, as he was to take his departure next day; and as, some time after, I went along the corridor leading to the bachelors' quarters, I found his door open, and him, standing in the midst of open portmanteaus, engaged in the pleasing occupation of planning how to put into them again all the things that had been taken out of them some weeks before.

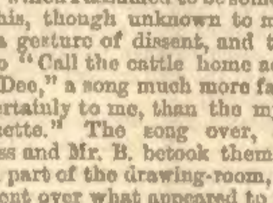
Of those possessions, one attracted my especial attention.

"What's this, B.?" I asked.

"Oh, that's 'Planchette!'"

"'Planchette!' I thought 'Planchette' was a song!"

"Haven't you seen it? Oh, I forgot, you only came to-day. 'Planchette' is not a song," he said, laughing, as I explained the origin of my blunder. "This is 'Planchette.'" And this is what I saw:



"Well, but what is it?"

"What you see."

"And its use?"

"Well it will write down the answer to any question you like to ask it."

"Of course it will," I replied; "as would any pencil in your hand or mine."

"No. I mean that without any voluntary action on anyone's part, it will write down on paper an answer to any question—I don't say necessarily the *proper* answer, but an answer."

I looked naturally incredulous, and my friend then proceeded to tell me that he had brought "Planchette" from America, where, he said, it was not only common, but was by many implicitly believed in as something preternatural.

"No canny, eh?" I remarked as I held it in my hand. "Why, you have had this made specially for your visit to Scotland, for anticipating that *here* it would be called *the Deil*, you have met the charge by having it made of *oak*."

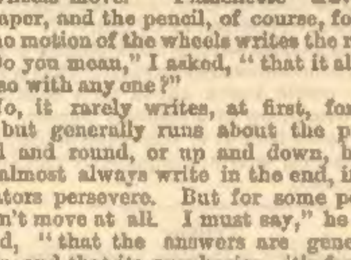
"Ah," said B., "you don't believe it."

"Believe what? That it will write without the direction of human hands? Certainly not."

"Nor did I till I had tried it. Now you give it a fair trial. I have left one with our friends here. I don't think they quite like it, but it will write for Miss A., and you try it with her to-morrow."

I examined the machine, as he explained the mode of using it.

It is made of any wood—oak, in this instance—and is shaped thus:



Board, 7¼ inches long by 7 inches in its widest part; ¼ of an inch thick.

Pentagraph wheel, about 1¼ of an inch from A to B.

At A A are two pentagraph wheels. In the hole B is fixed a soft pencil, which is so adjusted as to form, as it were, the third leg. The "little plank or board" is then placed upon a sheet of paper—common white cartridge paper is the best—and two persons lay their hands very lightly upon it, not in any way influencing its motion. Then one of

them, or a third person, asks a question, and the wheels move. "Planchette" traverses the paper, and the pencil, of course, following the motion of the wheels writes the reply.

"Do you mean," I asked, "that it always does so with any one?"

"No, it rarely writes, at first, for any one, but generally runs about the paper, round and round, or up and down, but it will almost always write in the end, if the operators persevere. But for some people it won't move at all. I must say," he continued, "that the answers are generally wrong, and that its prophecies—it's fond of prophecy—are generally false; but is it not strange that it should write at all?"

"Very," I remarked, dryly.

"Ah! you don't believe it, and I don't wonder."

And then he told me his experiences of it in the States, far too numerous to mention, and dwelt particularly on the first specimen he had of its powers.

"Two ladies," he said, "had their hands on it, and I was asked to question it. I was as incredulous as you are; so I resolved to ask a puzzler. I had been to hear Spurgeon preach shortly before leaving England. I was struck with his text, the words of which I distinctly remembered, though I had forgotten where they came from. So I asked Planchette. It instantly wrote '2nd Cor.,' and mentioned chapter and verse. We looked it up, and it was right! Now that was extraordinary, was it not?"

"No. I suppose you repeated the words of the text, and the young ladies recognized it, and wrote the reply."

"Not at all; I asked where the text came from without repeating it."

I could not deny that the circumstances, as stated, were extraordinary; but I contented myself with making the very original remark, "I should like to have witnessed it myself."

He continued that it was not necessary to ask the question aloud, a mental question was quite sufficient; and that all languages were alike to it.

"Now," he said, "don't suppose I am such a fool as to believe that there is anything 'spiritual' or supernatural about it. I merely tell you what I have seen, judge for yourself. But as it is getting into the small hours I must go on packing."

"Planchette" was restored to its usual place—B.'s hat-box—and I went to bed.

It was impossible not to feel some interest in this curious and altogether novel subject. Here was a man whom I had known intimately for nearly twenty years—a man of scrupulous truth—his perfect straightforward truthfulness was proverbial among his friends; a man of great ability, but without one particle of imagination—in short, the very last man to take up a question like this with enthusiasm or credulity. What was I to think? He gave me his word, which I knew I could trust, that there was no trick in it—that what he told me he had seen; and he challenged me to give the matter a fair trial, and judge for myself. Now, there are hundreds of men, and more hundreds of women, from whom one would receive a statement of this sort with many grains of salt, not because they are unworthy of credit, but because their temperaments would incline them to be "led captive" by the wonderful and the mysterious—"*omne ignotum pro magnifico.*" But my friend, as I have said, was not one of them—not one to be carried away by any speculative or imaginative question. He is essentially clear-headed and hard-headed, and it would be a very poor compliment to his common sense to suppose that he believed in the spirituality of "a little board." My curiosity was piqued, —and I fell asleep.

Next morning at breakfast I referred to "Planchette." Miss A. was evidently a convert. My host said nothing. My hostess confessed she did not "quite like it." Others ridiculed it, and the subject dropped.

Most of the guests left that day to make way for a new batch; and when evening came Miss A. and I sat down to "Planchette" with two, at least, of our lookers-on, who had never heard of the "crittur" before.

We placed our hands on "Planchette," and asked some questions. For a while, it was stationary; then it began to move under our hands, and to run about the paper, scoring lines up and down, sometimes fast, sometimes slow; our hands scarcely touched it. "It is merely the effect of pulsation," I said. But we persevered, and presently it began to form letters.

Our first question was, "What letters are engraved in this locket?" The locket was mine, and I of course knew the letters, though I had not opened the locket for a long time. Miss A. was ignorant of them. There were four letters, of which K and B were the two last. Planchette wrote "K B." I observed that the K was formed differently from the manner in which I write the letter, and I asked Miss A. to write it in her ordinary way. She did so, and this was unlike the K written by Planchette—which was thus ,*K*—and on examining the letter in the locket, it exactly corresponded with it.

Now, as I knew the letters, and Miss A. did not, the influence which produced them must, I presume, have been mine, not hers, yet mine involuntarily, for I certainly did not consciously direct the pencil. Indeed, had I been dishonest, and intentionally influenced it, I should, I imagine, have written all the letters and not two only.

I gave my hostess five letters, which I had received that day, and begged her to select one without our knowledge, and question "Planchette." She did so, asking the initials of the writer. The reply was again K. B. It proved that the letter selected was not written by K. B., but by one of our most distinguished general officers; but it was placed in an envelope (not seen by us) directed by the owner of these initials.

That the action of the pencil is generally influenced by those whose hands are on the board, I have no doubt; but assuming these persons to be honest, and to abstain from any voluntary movement, it is equally beyond doubt that this influence, whatever it may be, is involuntary. It is, of course, perfectly easy to make the pencil write, pentagraph-wheels being, as every one knows, most sensitive. Let us suppose that A. and B. *intend* to make it write, one of two things is necessary, either they must be confederate and agree to write the same word, or one must be passive, and must *allow* the other to write it.

Assume, for the sake of argument, this to be the way in which answers are produced, how will to following admit of explanation?

One of the guests, who had just arrived, on the occasion referred to, asked—"At what town did I purchase these sleeve-links?" Neither Miss A. nor I knew.

"Planchette" instantly, in a great hurry, wrote, "Abernea!"

"Wrong," exclaimed the inquirer, triumphantly; "I bought them in Paris."

But wrong as the answer was, it was, in my judgment, an exceedingly curious answer, showing, as I think, that the influence of those whose hands are on the board is unconscious and involuntary. I certainly was not thinking of any place in particular, nor was Miss A.; but we both *knew* that the gentleman who put the question was an *Aber*deenshire man, and that he had just come from Inverness. Here then, was a conglomeration of two places with which he was connected, and this, I think, proves that Miss A. and I were perfectly *honest* in the matter. Had we either of us *intended* to write Aberdeen, or Inverness, we should scarcely have produced such a quaint combination of the two.

We put many more questions that evening, the answers to which were, some right and some wrong; but I am bound to say that all the answers were wrong when the questions related to subjects unknown to us, and put by a third person. And in almost all cases, this has been the result of my experience; but not in all, as I will show afterwards.

I was sufficiently interested in this curious little machine to make every kind of experiment afterwards, that I could think of, my friend B. having presented me with one, which a London instrument-maker had made for him from his American pattern.

I found it most amusing in replying to answers relating to the future, all the answers proving wrong, of course; but some were so unexpected, and so absurd, that they caused the greatest possible fun. It replied equally willingly in French or Latin, and in Oriental languages. In all cases where the experiment was honestly made, the operators did not consciously influence the pencil.

The following is a curious, and, supposing me to be incapable of falsehood in the matter, a conclusive instance of this:—

A bracelet was lying on the table. On the clasp was a word in Oriental characters; on the back of the clasp were initials in English. I had my hands on "Planchette," a friend joining me. I knew the language to which the word belonged; my friend did not. The question was, "What are the *English* initials on the back of the clasp?" "Planchette," instead of writing the English letters at the back, wrote the initial letter, in the Oriental character, of the word on the front of the clasp. Now here was a reply certainly contrary to any expectations which I might have been supposed to have formed. I knew what was written on either side of the clasp, my friend did not. If I had formed any expectation, it would have been that "Planchette" would have written what I asked. I certainly should not, had I wished to astonish my friend by making it appear that "Planchette" would answer the questions put to it, have written a reply so inappropriate. What produced the answer? At least, there was no collusion.

Often "Planchette" misspells. Once it insisted on spelling "commander" with one "m;" again and again, we *wished* it to spell it right; but no. We tried it letter by letter, pausing between each letter; but only one "m" would it write.

Had we intentionally influenced its action, we surely should have made it write two, which we fully expected it would do.

Generally, its blunders in orthography are the blunders of those whose hands are on it. For example, it wrote a French word for me, and put an accent on it, which should not be there, because I believed it should be there; and in writing a Latin word for a lady, it spelt it as the lady thought it should be spelt—wrong.

To sum up, then: my experience of

"Planchette" is that generally "its utterances are unmistakable emanations from ourselves," without any conscious effort of will on our parts, as a friend to whom I introduced "Planchette" excellently puts it. But, believing, as I of course do, that the influence, whatever it be, is a purely natural one—for I need not say that I should deem it an insult to my intellect were it supposed that I believed it a supernatural influence—the fact that its utterance is a mere reflex of the mind of the operator, does not detract from the interest it is impossible not to feel in it.

Is it any natural power not yet fully understood?

Why does the pencil move? and if it moves why does it form letters? Why does it put these letters into intelligible words, whatever sense these words may have? Why will it move for one, write for another, and do neither for a third?

Another peculiarity is, that if it writes a word you can't read, it re-writes it—manifestly the same word—the same up and down strokes, in every twist and turn—over and over again, if you will that it should do so. It will even repeat the scribbles which it makes when it declines to write; and if the pencil is taken up in the middle of a word, and put down again at the same spot, it will resume its writing and finish the word. When in its course it arrives at the edge of the paper, it will often continue its writing, turning round and writing upside down, thus ƃuıʇıɹʍ ɹnoʎ ǝɯnsɐ ǝɥʇ uodɐ ǝɹnʇɔıdɐ ǝɥʇ ɟo ǝpƃǝ ǝɥʇ ʇo pɐǝɹ ʇı writing.

Generally "Planchette" will not write for one person, two being apparently required in most cases. But in two instances I have seen it write for a single pair of hands. The K. B. before referred to is one who has this power, whatever it may be; a cousin of mine another, in both cases ladies, and I may here note that for women "Planchette" writes more readily than for men.

I have heard, on the authority of persons impossible to discredit, that "Planchette" will occasionally give correct answers to questions put by a third person, the answers to such questions being known to the third person, but not known to those whose hands are on the board. I have tried this often, and only in two instances have I seen the experiment succeed. I will detail them.

I was staying with some friends, and speaking of "Planchette," I said I fancied electricity must have a good deal to do with its performances. My hostess said, "Let me try, for I have always been told that I possess a great deal of electric power." "Planchette" was produced. The lady and I placed our hands on it, and I begged her husband to put some question the answer to which was known to him but not to us.

He asked, "To whom did I write this morning?"

"Planchette" instantly commenced writing.

"Stop," said Colonel G., who was watching it. "It has answered my question."

I removed the board; but seeing that after the name it had continued as if going to write more, I replaced it, so that the point of the pencil was exactly on the spot from which I had removed it, and requested it to be so good as to proceed. It went on, and then gave its usual sign of having finished by describing a sort of circular flourish round its writing.

On examining its work we found "Thomson William."

Thomson was not the name; but I adopt it because, like the real name, it admits of two modes of spelling, and in this case it spelt the name correctly in the least common form.

"Well," said Colonel G., "that's odd! The surname is right; but I don't know, or have forgotten if I ever did know, the Christian name."

On looking in the "Army List" he found it was William.

Mrs. G. neither knew that her husband had written to the person named, nor did she know him even by name—nor did I.

The next case occurred among the same people, and was even more curious.

Colonel G. asked:—"From whom did I hear this morning?"

Planchette.—"James."

Colonel G.—"No, wrong there; try again."

Planchette.—"James."

"Are you sure," said we, "you have *not* heard from any one named James?"

"Quite sure," he replied, deep in the Times.

"Planchette" was requested to say where "James" lived, and replied, "London."

"What was his surname?"

"Planchette" wrote it,—"G———."

"Are you *quite* sure," we again asked, "that your brother James did not write to you?"

"By Jove!" exclaimed the Colonel; "he *did*—to tell me not to go up to dinner today, because my father had just discharged the butler. I quite forgot."

I said that my friend B. told me that "Planchette" would sometimes answer mental questions correctly. In every experiment I have made but one, it was a failure. One was correct.

There was a dinner party at Colonel G.'s. I produced "Planchette," and Mrs. G., one of the ladies for whom I said "Planchette" would write alone, of course, was present. I begged her husband to arrange with any of the guests a question which they should address mentally to the lady. He selected a clergyman, and after conferring together in a whisper at the side of the room opposite to "Planchette," Colonel G. announced that he had put the question mentally.

"Planchette" wrote "Town."

The question was then communicated to the party. It was, "Where is —— (myself) going to-morrow?"

I was going to town.

Now there could be no collusion here. The lady who had her hands on "Planchette" did not hear the question, and there was the corroborative testimony of the clergyman as to what that question was.

I do not profess to understand this, and can only assume that the husband possessed some magnetic power over his wife, for in the three cases cited, "Planchette" replied correctly, when Mrs. G.'s hands were on it, to questions, the answers to which she was ignorant of.

Can the utterances of "Planchette" be explained by natural electricity and animal magnetism? I commend the matter to the attention of Dr. Radcliffe, who has so closely studied these subjects.

I am too ignorant to know whether it is possible that the nerves having their seat in the brain could thus act, as it were, in concert with the brain, and without any conscious effort of the mind or will, produce the formation of letters and words, such as are formed when the hands are laid, as I have described, on "Planchette."

This I do know—that the hands will, under certain circumstances, write without any conscious effort on the part of their owners, for I have more than once, when oppressed with fatigue, heat, and over-work, fallen into a doze with my pen in my hand, and when I have recovered consciousness, I have found that in the temporary unconsciousness of sleep I have still been writing, although I am bound to say that my writing under these circumstances was never so coherent as the performances of "Planchette."

If the cause of the motion and of the formation of letters, words, and sentences be explained, the words themselves need not, I think, be deemed mysterious. None but savages consider dreams preternatural, yet there is no conscious effort of the will. No one considers sleep-walking or sleep-talking "spiritual," yet it is involuntary. Once establish the motion, and the connection, if it exists, in the sense I have referred to, between the nerves and the brain—once, in short, explain the *act* of "Planchette's" writing, and the *matter* of it need excite no surprise. What is more unexpected or more sudden than a change in the current of our thoughts? What more wonderful than the human mind?

But I am getting out of my depth. I have given a plain and thoroughly truthful account of my own experience of "Planchette." There are, doubtless, many others equally trustworthy, who could cite experiences even more interesting. My object in recording mine is to draw the attention of scientific men to a very curious subject—to what may be a new natural power, or rather a new development of a natural power. It is worthy of careful examination by unprejudiced men of science, and I hope my slight sketch may induce some of them to give "Planchette" "a fair field, and no favor." J. B.

PARTED.

In the mellow light I sit,
Idly disregarding it,
Idly rocking to and fro
As the shadows come and go,
Asking vainly, asking why
By fate we're parted, you and I?

Ah! why is it? There are few
Half so genial, half so true,
In heart and soul allied as we;
Yet, an unkind Destiny
Rears her cruel barriers high—
By fortune sundered you and I.

Not for us the dreamy bliss,
Yearning smile, or thrilling kiss;
Not for us the tender years,
Born of blessed hopes and fears;
Sad and slow the days will be—
Fate has parted you and me!

Were our paths together laid,
We had threaded, undismayed,
Valley deep and mountain pass,
In light or darkness; but alas!
Down divided hills they lie—
We are sundered, you and I.

Is it, darling, is it sin,
Just to think what might have been!
To unveil my eyes and see
What can never, never be?
For beneath closed lids I see
Fate has parted you and me.

An Adventure in a Harem.

[The following story of Eastern adventure, is from Miss Emmeline Lott's volume on "Harem Life in Egypt and Constantinople."]

Nuzly Hanem Effendi, the daughter of Mehemet Ali, had often sat where I then stood gazing intently on that fleet, the command of which had been held by Ibrahim Pacha, when he went to seek glory in the Morea. I had visited the palace which she occupied in the vicinity of Cairo, and the old Frenchwoman, who had been in her service, now lived within this harem, where she passes her time in taking care of H. H. the Viceroy's wardrobe when he is at Ramel-Tin. She related to me the following strange, yet true, incident in the life of that extraordinary Princess:

"Nuzly Hanem—the bold, licentious, cunning, and subtle—was very intimate with a Levantine lady, whose husband was in Mehemet Ali's service. A young Italian nobleman, whose countenance and manners were very effeminate, offered that Levantine a large sum of money if she would assist him to visit the interior of the Prince's harem at Cairo, which he had heard was most superbly furnished.

"Accordingly, it was arranged that Madame Otto should inform her Highness that a lady, who was on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and who had been most highly recommended to her from Europe, was extremely anxious to see her harem, of the splendor of which she had heard so much when in Italy, and pay her respects to a Princess whose renown was spread all over the world.

"'You must ask her,' added Count Luigi, 'to give the lady an audience; you will be sure to obtain permission, and when the appointment is made, you must lend me one of your richest dresses, which I am certain will fit me admirably. You must superintend my toilette, and then I am sure that I shall pass muster, and that the keenest eye will be unable to recognise my sex under that disguise.'"

[Silly, silly young man; how little did he know the power of an Arab, or Turkish woman's eye, or how quickly they can detect an imposter of that kind!]

"Saying which, the Count, who was then sitting in Madame Otto's boudoir, added, 'Come, let us try how I should look,' and hastily metamorphosed himself as one of the fair sex, with the aid of one of the fair Levantine's dresses. The disguise was so complete that Madame Otto could not keep her eyes off him, and seemed quite bewildered at the Count's first *debut* in female character.

"Soon, however, she became more accustomed to his metamorphosis, and then burst into a fit of laughter at the droll idea which he had taken into his head, and which she looked upon as a dangerous enterprize, knowing as she did the formidable character of that Grand Lady, as the Egyptians call her to this day; for after that title of Grand, bestowed upon her by Mehemet Ali, all the eldest sons of the Viceroy are styled Grand Pachas. Madame Otto again burst out laughing. However, in a short time, she accorded the Count her co-operation.

"It is certain that the lovely Levantine did not possess much firmness of character, for even the Count's mad whim—which, however, had method in it—was wisdom itself when compared with many of that volatile lady's vagaries. She carried out all the Count's instructions to the very letter, and her embassy proved as successful as he desired. The audience was granted, and the day appointed, on which occasion she acted as lady's maid, with such taste and tact that the Count, when he looked in his mirror, was really unable to recognize himself. He acknowledged that he had the vanity to think that he really looked like a very pretty woman. The success of this rehearsal gave them both great hopes that the attempt itself would realize their most sanguine wishes."

"The Count afterwards related the adventure, and so naively that one cannot do better than repeat his own words:

"I wore," said he, "for I can still remember it as plainly as if it were only yesterday, a very pretty white chip hat, a rich crape bertha covered my thin shoulders, and an ample merino velvet dress, trimmed with deep rows of Mechlin lace, which helped to conceal any defect that I might have otherwise shown in my mean and slender figure. My transformation was performed with the greatest secrecy; no mortal being, except our two selves, having been intrusted with our secret. My male attire was carefully concealed, and when my toilet was finished, I availed myself of the absence of all the domestics, whom the Levantine lady had sent out on some distant errands, to take my place in the drawing-room, as if I had been a stranger who had come to pay her a visit.

"A handsome carriage which I had hired for the occasion, together with two footmen, to whom I was unknown, were waiting for me at the door. It could, perhaps, have been far better if I could have prevailed upon my charming hostess to accompany me; but all my entreaties to do so proved unavailing. I really felt that I should never be able to keep my countenance, and the semblance of a smile, however slight, might place both our lives in jeopardy. I waived that point; for, to tell the truth, I did not care much about her company on that occasion. Although I had planned the whole affair without having any particular object in view, my mind was agitated with many a foolish hope and romantic idea. Hence I preferred being alone; for, perhaps, had the charming Levantine accompanied me, I should not have had a *tete-a-tete* conversation with the Grand Princess. I promised to make some excuse for her; to acquaint her Highness that she had been taken suddenly ill; to tell her Highness any falsehood which came uppermost in my mind at the moment.

"My dear friends, I can assure you that Signora Rosina (for that was the name of the Levantine) had never before appeared so lovely in my eyes. She almost overwhelmed me with precautions. 'Take care, above all things, to beware of the snares and captivating manners of that most formidable of syrens.' I remarked to her that she need not entertain the slightest jealousy, since I had now become a woman; and if it should unfortunately happen that the Princess were to entertain the least suspicion, she might be certain that she would sooner have me impaled than fall in love with me. 'Who can tell?' replied she, as she shook me affectionately by the hand; 'for that woman is of such a whimsical disposition.'

"Preceded by two handsome *sais*, with their flowing garments, who ran nimbly along before the horses, I soon reached the Esbekieh, in which quarter the Princess's new palace was situated. To say that I did not experience considerable trepidation when I found myself on the threshold of that princely dwelling would be untrue; on the contrary, my heart palpitated very much. Like the hunter, I could not behold the tigress in her den without experiencing considerable alarm; for I remembered that if that was the Grand Princess's palace, it was also the residence of her husband, the cruel and merciless Defterdar.

"When far away from its precincts I had thought only of the wife; but now that I found myself within it, my thoughts naturally dwelt upon the husband, and the remembrance of his bloody exploits awakened anything but pleasant reminiscences in my mind. I had forgotten that, being much inferior in rank to his wife, he was, according to the Oriental custom, her slave rather than her liege lord and master, and that she alone possessed sovereign power within her domain. I had also overlooked the fact that a husband, no matter who he may be, never enters the harem when his lady has visitors, and that the eunuchs, or grooms of the chamber, who always stand at the door, are placed there expressly to say to him, 'You must not enter.' Therefore it was, morally speaking, quite impossible that I could beard the lion in his den, or awaken his suspicions.

"I was evidently expected. On alighting from the carriage I was received by about half a dozen fierce-looking eunuchs, black as ebony, wearing the fez, and richly clad. The younger ones wore red jackets, embroidered down the shoulders at the back and front, which terminate in a point at the centre of the back, at the waist; and the others large, flowing, white muslin robes, with the exception of one or two, who were very handsome, these 'phantoms' of men were stout, paunch-bellied, and puffed up; their eyes betokening haughtiness and cunning of the deepest die.

"I was conducted by them through a courtyard; then we passed into a second one, which opened into a large octagonal vestibule, paved with beautiful white marble, where I was handed over to six white slaves, all of whom were young, well made and extremely pretty. They wore on their heads small, velvet, richly-embroidered fezes, and their dark jet hair hung in flowing ringlets down their backs. They were attired in wide trowsers, hemmed at the bottom, through which ran a string drawn up and fastened round the leg just above the ankle, like a garter. The trowsers were then pulled down over the feet (which they concealed); they are made of the stoutest and richest blue and red silk, between which and the bottom lining rolls of muslin are placed. It is that weight which causes that shuffling manner of moving about they have, for their carriage hardly deserves the name of walking. Their waists were encircled with costly Cashmere shawls; they wore long jackets beautifully embroidered with gold thread and lace, which were open at the chest, but reached down to their hips; their small feet were encased in elegant Oriental slippers; their wrists were ornamented with most costly golden bracelets, in which were set many almost priceless diamonds, some white, others pink, yellow and black.

"Escorted by them, I ascended the beautiful staircase, on the landing of which stood ten other slaves ready to receive me; they were all white, and in the same costume. There my shoes were removed from off my feet, and a pair of handsome Turkish boots replaced them. Then I was muffled up, I hardly know how, but believe it was in a superb Cashmere shawl; and, thus swathed, I was led through three or four saloons, each one more spacious than the last and more superbly decorated; but the style partook more of European than of Oriental luxury. The mirrors, the lace curtains and the hangings were of Parisian workmanship. The divans, which were covered with the richest damask, embroidered with gold and studded with pearls, were alone of Oriental craft; and as to the carpet, it was, perhaps, one of the finest ever woven in Persia. When the Princess left it for any other residence, all the carpets were taken up, the curtains unfastened, the divans covered, and everything turned topsy-turvy.

"Thence we proceeded into a small room, but much more cosy, more congenial to my ideas than the others, because it was more frequently occupied. There I was requested to be seated to await the Princess, who soon made her appearance. I was highly delighted to have a few moments to prepare myself for the dangerous interview and the perilous adventure in which I had engaged.

"When persons visit each other in the East it is the custom for them, on entrance, to observe the strictest silence. It also appears to be the same with women, for the Princess was a long time before she addressed me, and etiquette prevented me from taking the initiative. You can well imagine how narrowly I scanned her features. How incomparably beautiful she appeared! How haughty and tapered was her nose; what a sweet, pretty mouth; what pearly white teeth; the whole of her lineaments were perfection itself!

"I fell desperately in love with her at first sight. Her eyebrows were painted in the true Oriental style, just as they are delineated in the Holy Scriptures, and as Racine describes Queen Jezebel to have used antimony to conceal the ravages of age. Her filbert nails, I mean those of the Princess Nuzly, not those of Jezebel (although in features both those women bore a close resemblance to each other,) were stained red with henna. But her eyes, my friends, ah! what eyes! they were the most piercing I ever beheld; at one glance they seemed to scan me from head to foot, to read my thoughts and cause my heart to palpitate most violently.

In short, they shot through the very innermost recesses of my mind. Every time that her penetrating glance was fixed upon me I felt my countenance change, and I could have sunk into the earth. Is it possible, thought I, that those scrutinizing orbs can read the audacious lie that I have framed?

"I have omitted to explain to you that Providence had endowed me with a wonderful facility for acquiring languages. Having already resided at Constantinople, and formed an intimacy with several members of the Turkish Embassy in Paris, I could speak Turkish sufficiently well when I arrived in Egypt to be able to keep up a conversation, and as Turkish is the language of the conquerors of Egypt, it is generally spoken at Cairo, but more especially by the government officials and the *beau monde*.

"Mehemet Ali knew no other. I therefore naturally thought that no other ought to be spoken in his daughter's palace, who being Turkish like her father, was very proud of being thought so; so I presumed, perhaps it was rather too presumptuous on my part, to dispense with the services of an interpreter, and at once enter into conversation with my viceregal hostess. As soon as the usual compliments had been exchanged, and, Heaven be praised! they did not last long, I conveyed to her Highness the fair Levantine's deep regret that her sudden indisposition had prevented her from accompanying me. I told her that she was extremely ill, almost in the last agonies of death, and I am really astonished that I did not even go so far as to state that she was dead.

"When once we begin to tell lies we hardly ever know where to stop. The excuses that I made for that lady's absence were graciously accepted by the Grand Princess, and our conversation passed on to other subjects.

"Wishing to act my new character to perfection, I turned the conversation as skillfully as I could, and began to display my feminine weakness by praising, in the most fulsome Oriental style possible, the lovely pearls, large diamonds, and jewelry, with which the Grand Princess had adorned her person, at the same time taking care to assure her that her taste in those matters had been the theme of general admiration in Paris and in London; and I expressed to her how great would be my delight if she would so far honor me as to let me see her casket of jewels.

"Alas! how little did she suspect that the brightest jewel she possessed, in my estimation, was her own lovely self! But I dared not for worlds have expressed those sentiments to her. I found out, however, at a later period, that I had been guilty of an act of very great indiscretion in asking her Highness to show me her jewels. But she did not express any astonishment at my rudeness; for she was above taking offence at such a slight infringement of etiquette by a stranger. Therefore, making a signal to an old Abyssinian slave, who probably held the office of 'Keeper of the Jewels,' she left the room immediately.

"She re-entered it shortly afterwards, accompanied by several other slaves of the same caste, who came loaded with an immense iron chest, covered over with red satin, richly spangled with gold. It was opened, and the jewels were taken out of the cases.

"It was impossible to describe their magnificence and splendor! My sight was actually almost as much dazzled by looking at them as if I had been fixing my eyes upon a glaring midday tropical sun, for blindness seemed suddenly to have come upon me. Aladdin's wonderful lamp, I am quite sure, could never have given its fortunate possessor a sight of anything like those precious gems.

"As her Highness reclined indolently on her divan while I examined the diamonds, her red lips were placed from time to time to the beautiful amber mouth-piece of her *chibouk*, from which she puffed forth light clouds of perfumed smoke. Occasionally she seemed as if lost in deep thought; but those piercing dark orbs of hers never took their glance off me; and even when they were withdrawn, I still felt their fascinating influence upon me, for the very marrow in my bones appeared to become frozen within me.

"The slaves who were unemployed stood at the end of the saloon, but many of them kept constantly moving about; and from the number that I saw that day, I should think that her Highness must have had not less than a hundred white, and a much greater number of black ones. Some of them were not more than six years old. While the dancing was going on, several of them were employed in handing us violet, jasmine and rose sherbet, with various kinds *Rahat- Loukoum*, (so much prized by the of confectionery, but especially that of Turks, and which had been sent to her Highness from Constantinople, where it is made in perfection,) which had been served up in beautifully embossed silver vases.

"Still that lovely, tall, graceful Circassian kept kneeling and handing me sweetmeats in silver-gilt spoons, and sherbert in large gold cups encrusted with diamonds. I drank it very slowly, which gave me an opportunity of gazing upon her beautiful features; and when I had drank it, she presented me with a fine Indian muslin napkin, fringed round with a very deep border of gold and silk, of which a European lady would have made a head-dress for the opera or masquerade. During which, and, in fact, all the time my visit lasted, Abyssian slaves, with their white ivory teeth, kept constantly fanning me with large ostrich plumes.

"Although my visit had been prolonged the greater part of the day, still it seemed to me but a second, and I was quite delighted to think that my adventure had hitherto been so successful. Everything has its end, but especially lucky adventures.

"At length the hour of departure arrived. Accordingly I submitted with the best grace possible to the final ceremony, which terminates all visits to distinguished personages in the East. Two slaves advanced towards me; one held in her hands an incense-burner (in which was burning the wood of aloes,) with which she wafted the smoke into my nostrils, and perfumed me as if I had been a holy person; the other held a small silver urn, pierced with small holes, filled with rose-water, which she sprinkled over my whole person.

"I received this double attention in the most impassible manner possible, and thus, anointed with strong perfumes, I slightly touched with the tips of my fingers the Princess's hand and then put them respectfully to my lips; which is the mode in which persons of rank take leave of distinguished Orientals. The Princess bowed gracefully to me; then rising up all at once, just as I had reached the door, she advanced towards me:

"'Stop,' said she to me, 'I must show you my garden. And I will accompany you myself.'

"We passed through the reception room, then descended a staircase, passed through a hall into a beautiful kiosk, but as empty and unadorned as a Dutch Protestant church, but delightfully cooled by a large marble fountain, which played in the centre. Then we passed into the garden. A whole troop of eunuchs preceded and also followed us; while the group of black and white slaves kept at a respectful distance. I remained by the side of the Princess, whose long robe trained along the ground. Her Highness took hold of my hand as we descended the staircase; and lucky was it for me that I had a very small hand, totally unlike that of a man, or else it would have betrayed me.

"While I was seated on the divan, I maintained my new character extremely well; but when I began to walk, I experienced considerable embarrassment, and although I possessed the features, the height, and even a most feminine voice, as I have already explained, still I had not the shuffling deportment. I endeavored, as well as I could, to take short steps so as to avoid treading upon my elegant long velvet dress, which I held up, as a sapper does his leather apron.

"Fortunately, the Orientals, being naturally of sedentary habits, do not shuffle along very quickly, unless when in a passion, and then they glide about as swiftly and noiselessly as serpents; and I imagine that there could not be anything so peculiar in my walk, awkward as it must have been, to have excited the slightest suspicion of my sex. The advanced guard of eunuchs and that of the slaves who followed us, kept at such a respectful distance from us that it was utterly impossible for them to overhear our conversation: we, however, maintained an interminable silence, but it would have been all the same if we had been conversing with each other.

"The gardens into which we had entered might be denominated very beautiful; but I confess that I was so dreadfully agitated that I am quite unable to give any description of them; I was so entirely occupied in taking short steps, and so fearful lest I

should catch a sunstroke, that I did not bestow the slightest attention upon the flowers, flower-beds, or fountains which were scattered about, and which played into marble basins. All that I remember is, that we walked for some time along, very slowly, under a very shady avenue of sycamore trees, and where I must have been least noticed.

"The silence that both I and the Princess observed towards each other at length became unbearable. So at last I took upon myself to break it, and began to praise, in as pure Turkish as I was master of, the perfume of the flowers, which I had neither noticed nor smelled; the gentle murmuring of the waters, that I had not listened to; and was proceeding in the same strain, when the Princess interrupted me rather sharply, without the least allusion to the effusions of my poetical rhapsody:

"'I hope that you do not for a moment imagine I am your dupe?' said she, in a curt manner, at the same time letting fall my hand, which she had held in hers up to that moment. 'If my husband, Defterdar, whose anger knows no bounds, had seen you, and had had but the slightest inkling of your audacity in thus presenting yourself before me, he would have had you impaled upon the spot; and most assuredly you would have deserved it.'

"'I flatter myself,' said I, 'that I have shown you, and I will prove to you again shortly, that I possess no fear, and that I am no coward.'

"Nevertheless, I cannot but confess that those words gave me such an electric shock that the whole of my limbs shivered and trembled violently. The bare idea of impalement is far from being agreeable at any time. I was so thunderstruck that I remained speechless. Fortunately, the Princess gave me no time to offer any reply.

"'But luckily for you,' replied she, in a more subdued voice, 'my terrible husband is not at home, and I am as much mistress of my own actions as a woman can possibly be in any Mussulman's country. Adventurous mortals are far from being displeasing to me; I admire courage, no matter what form it takes; even if it borders on temerity or madness. If, then, you are as brave and bold as the enterprise which you have now undertaken makes me give you credit for, you will come to the *Mogreb* to-morrow, to the Elfy Gate; a tall negro, dressed in red, will pass you, touch you on the left shoulder as he walks along. Follow that slave if you wish to know anything more.'

"Saying which, she again took hold of my hand as if nothing had happened, and led me on, without uttering another syllable, to the foot of the staircase. There she took leave of me in the most cordial and graceful manner imaginable, saying in a loud tone, so that all present might overhear her, that she was exceedingly grateful at having had the pleasure of conversing with such a ladylike specimen of my countrywomen, all of whom she trusted resembled me both in manners and habits.

"Preceded by the eunuchs, and followed by the slaves, I was led to the outer gate of the palace with the same ceremony as had been observed on my arrival. A devil of a tall black, armed with a most formidable-looking *courbache*, was present as sentry at the gate as I took my departure, for fear lest any of the slaves should take it into their heads to take French leave and quit the palace. I propitiated that sovereign of Egypt, Prince Bakshoesh, by handing the Grand Eunuch several purses of gold coins. Entering my carriage, perhaps a little more hastily than ladies generally do, I was driven straight to the residence of my charming friend, the lovely Levantine, in whose clothes I was dressed; there I exchanged my habiliments and put on my own attire. She had been very uneasy during my absence as to the result of my daring and dangerous exploit. I assured her that my success had even been far greater than I had anticipated, and that I had satisfied my curiosity very easily. But true it is, that I did not think it prudent to let her into the secret of the manner in which my stratagem had terminated. When I say terminated, I am in error, for it was scarcely in its zenith, and the actual finale of it was at that moment quite enveloped in mystery.

"You are not young, it is true, but you were so once; consequently you will believe me when I affirm that I never closed my eyes the whole of the following night. My brain kept thinking of all the good and bad reports which I had heard about the Princess Nuzly, and my mind became extremely uneasy. Was it really a meeting or a snare? Was I to be the hero of some good fortune or the victim of vengeance? My position appeared to be of a most embarrassing nature, especially as I well knew the reputed character of that Princess, and the dreadful things which were recounted of her. Good fortune does not shield us from vengeance, nor vengeance from our enjoyment of it; the question was, if it were possible to avoid the one and to enjoy the other. My mind was employed in trying to solve that difficult enigma. The finale of my adventure, however, will give you a key to the solution at which I arrived. You must also bear in mind that I was then only twenty years of age.

"Early in the morning I repaired to Khan-el-Khalyly; there I purchased at the shop of one Barakat, who knew me intimately, an excellent Damascus cimeter, as fine as a hair, and which was so highly tempered that it would have cut an eiderdown pillow in half. This I concealed beneath my cloak—for I now wore my male habiliments—this was my life-protector; and placing a six-barreled revolver in my pocket, I walked up and down the Mogreb in front of the Elfy Gate.

"It was not long before the negro clad in red made his appearance and touched me on the shoulder as he passed. As that gate of Cairo is one of the most frequented, I did not attract the curiosity of any of the passers-by as I turned round and followed him. This I did and continued to do at about twenty paces' distance, still keeping him always in sight. Walking at first in the direction of Boulac, my guide soon proceeded along a path to the left, and after having taken several windings, which always led nearer to the banks of the Nile, he stopped short, which I did also, at the foot of a high wall which seemed to block up our passage.

"As night had suddenly closed in I did not at first perceive the small low door, which had all the appearance of being the postern gate of some old castle, of which the negro possessed the key. While he was in the act of stooping down—for he was full six feet high—I scanned the height of the wall, and kept thinking whether, in case of need, it were possible for me to scale it by dint of a gigantic feat. That is what is called, in military parlance, taking a reconnoitre in case of emergency. I was just on the point of measuring it more accurately with my eye, not having any instrument with me, when the tall slave interrupted my calculations by touching me on the shoulder as a token that the door was open. I crossed the threshold with a firm step, at the same time feeling that my revolver was safe in my pocket and my Damascus blade by my side. The slave quickly shut the door after me, and I continued to follow him. He passed across a long garden, which I shall not stop to describe, for the best of all reasons, that the darkness of the night prevented me from being able to discern how it was laid out. My guide maintained an imperturbable silence.

"I really believe (may God forgive me!) that he was a mute, and I will not swear but that he was deaf also, for he did not reply to a single question which I put to him. The grating of our footsteps echoed on the hard, sandy paths of the avenues as we passed along. After making several detours, we at length reached the door of a kiosk concealed beneath some large trees, which must have formed a most grateful retreat in the daytime. My mute of a guide did not enter therein, but pushed me rather than introduced me into it, and there I was within that mysterious retreat alone in the dark, and without being able to grope my way. My first care was to find out my position as best I could. All that I was enabled to discover was that I trod on a thick carpet, strewn with the softest cushions, and that the hangings were of silk. It was surrounded with a large divan. I had just finished taking this inventory of the *penates* when I felt something clasp my neck. Do not be alarmed, my friends, it was not the classic silken cords of the mutes of the seraglio: it was only the two soft arms of a lovely woman.

"This mode of reception was adopted to banish all my fears. I returned the embrace as any young man would naturally have done, without waiting to identify the person of the individual who had thus honored me with a private interview, and my approaches were returned with a corresponding alacrity. It was not long before I knew perfectly well who my unknown Venus was.

"The night passed away as rapidly as if it had been but a few seconds; the stars were still shining most brilliantly, when that awful word, 'Farewell,' was pronounced by the sweetest lips I had ever pressed, and by a woman who was much more mistress of her own actions than I was of mine. I felt half inclined to have translated for her edification the beautiful balcony scene in Shakspeare's 'Romeo and Juliet,' into the purest Turkish that I could command; but she appeased my regrets by breathing into my ear the fond hope that I would come again to-morrow at the same hour, and in the same manner; and then, embracing me, the lovely phantom vanished, in the twinkling of an eye, like an ethereal being.

"I did not remain long alone; a heavy hand was placed upon my shoulder and I hastily retreated. My safety, however, was not yet secured. I was not long in discovering that, instead of returning by the way he had conducted me, my guide, still the same black, dressed in red, took me quite a different direction. He walked straight towards the Nile which lay before us, as the creaking of the *sakias*, 'water-wheels,' confirmed.

"'Good,' said I, as my heart beat with its usual promptitude. 'This is like having passed a quarter of an hour as Rabelais did. Now comes the forfeit. I am doomed to pay for the happiness I have enjoyed.' And all the dreadful tales which I had heard of the baseness and treachery of the Princess Nuzly presented themselves to my imagination.

"When a collegian, my tutors taught me to believe that Queen Cleopatra possessed such charms, that many thought themselves happy in passing an evening alone with her even at the sacrifice of their lives. I remembered that I was in Egypt, and if I had not quitted the presence of a queen, I had at least left the arms of a princess, who, if she were not equally beautiful, seductive and powerful, still was quite as inhuman. The only difference was that I had not given her any right to take possession of my person, and most assuredly I was not fool enough to sacrifice it for the love I bore her beauteous orbs.

"But how and by what means was I to escape from the snare into which she had entrapped me? This second Margaret of Burgundy's black Orsini was six feet high, his frame herculean, and I should have stood but little chance had I wrestled with such an antagonist. That Goliath would have crushed me with his thumb, and I possessed not the prowess of David.

"It is true that I was armed with one of the keenest of Damascus blades ever made, and a six-barrelled revolver; but then the report of firearms would have brought a legion of eunuchs to his rescue, and as to the cimeter, well-tempered as it was said to be, I placed no confidence in it, as I had never used such a warlike weapon before. If my blow had missed I was a dead man, and yet I was obliged to adopt some plan; time pressed, or else in a few short moments all would be over with me, and I should never again drive or walk along the Cascine at Florence.

"The creaking of the *sakias* became more distinct; the Nile was evidently not far from us. The first dawn of the day, which gives such a very indistinct light in the East, hardly allowed me to distinguish any more than the lofty wall beyond the trees, which on that as well as on other sides encircled the garden. Soon afterwards I saw the gate which opened on to the river, and you may rest assured that I was taken aback when I saw that it was guarded by three tall phantoms, three devils of blacks, placed there most unquestionably to seize hold of me and to cast me into the Nile, like a kitten, as they had done many a European before.

"At the sight of those formidable opponents, I resolved to put into execution the project I had been meditating. Slackening my pace, I took advantage of an angle of masonry-work, which concealed me from observation, to rush upon my guide with the agility of a man who struggled for his life, and to plunge my Damascus blade up to its very hilt into his body. My trial stroke proved a *chef d'œuvre*. It must have pierced his heart, as the poor devil dropped down dead instantaneously without uttering a groan. I then rifled his pockets, expecting to find there the key of the gate by which I had entered the grounds. I was fortunate enough to put my hand upon it, and leaving others to bury his body, I turned about quickly and ran along as fast as my legs could carry me.

"In a few minutes I reached the opposite wall; the same the height of which I had taken the precaution to measure. On arriving there, I found, to my dismay, that I had overrated my gymnastic abilities, and was baffled. A squirrel could not have bounded over it. I was then obliged to seek for the gate, which I was unable to discover. Was it on the right hand or the left? I could not tell. By mere chance I proceeded to the right, that side appearing the most likely; and, Heaven be praised! I had hardly gone thirty steps before I found the gate which had been anxiously sought for.

"Scarcely, however, had I put the key into the lock, when three tall, black eunuchs, who had concealed themselves behind the opposite door, and who had given chase after me, came suddenly upon me from different directions. They were the same three eunuchs whom I had seen mounting guard at the door to which the defunct negro was proceeding. The first one who approached me brandished a tremendous large sabre, a blow from which would have cleft my body in twain, but the first ball from my revolver laid him prostrate on the ground. It had, however, only broken his arm, but that was quite enough for the moment, as it was his right arm, and his sabre fell from it. That slight chastisement for his insolence produced a most salutary effect upon his companions, who thought that they would receive a similar correction, as they were also armed with formidable cimeters. As they drew back, I passed through the door, and in so doing fired at them two farewell shots, without stopping to see what mischief I had done. But it is most probable that they were killed, as I proceeded quietly on my way, and reached my own house safe and sound before sunrise.

"I assure, you, however, that I hastened to quit Cairo as soon as possible, as I had killed a eunuch. But it was passed over in silence, for people in Egypt are not so particular when a murder is committed as in Europe. The East is the land of silence, as it is also of mystery.

"Soon afterwards I proceeded on my journey to Jerusalem, and on my return to Cairo I called upon my charming Levantine friend, when she informed me that during my pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre, H. H. the Grand Princess had invited her to see her, on which occasion she had treated her most graciously, and made numerous inquiries about me, 'her amiable friend,' as her Highness termed me. The Grand Princess, who had no wish that the adventures in the harem and the kiosk should be bruited about, very quietly pocketed the trick which had been played her, and nothing more was said about it."

Then I pondered in my own mind how many lovers, in that apartment in which I then stood, had paid the penalty of their audacity by their being plunged into the Nile, or allured to meet a watery grave, perhaps beneath those very windows from which I then beheld the lovely moon shining so brightly, and had thus been sent to their "last account with all their imperfections on their head!" It was natural that my imagination should dwell upon such thoughts; not because the old Frenchwoman had related the above incidents to me, on whose veracity I might have placed some doubt, had I not heard the ladies of the harem and slaves repeat to me, many a time and oft, similar histories, not only of the Grand Princess, but of other Egyptian harem celebrities, that had made

"My hair stand on end, like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"

which proved to me what a mysterious abode a harem is.

The "Latest" Fashion News.

A New York fashion correspondent of the Pittsburg Gazette indulges in some unusual hints as to style:

Eyes continue to be worn, one on each side of the nose, and immediately under the eyebrows. There has been some talk of substituting a single orb, of increased size and brilliancy, in the centre of the brow; but after all our achievements in lightning speed, the world moves slowly, and the idea of a change in the number of eyes to be worn has not been favorably received, notwithstanding its many advantages; but the color is varied to suit the occasion, and just now the prevailing tint is green—a fine sea green. This shade can best be acquired in Baden-Baden, by continued contemplation of the delicious toilettes of the *demi monde*, but may be obtained in Paris, Saratoga, or on Broadway. Black, blue and gray, are still worn in the home circle, and are found very becoming in the nursery, at the family tea-table, and social evening gatherings.

Noses maintain their position on the centre of the face. The Grecian or aquiline is generally preferred, but the snubs have held their places on very pretty faces, in defiance of a most determined opposition, and at present writing are looking up. A very pretty article of the Grecian type is now furnished by Goodyear, and it is not improbable that, in time, all other varieties may disappear.

Lips are midway between the nose and point of the chin, and are a pale pink. The coral variety is no longer tolerated, except in girls not yet come out.

Teeth will be somewhat larger, and of blueish tint, to correspond with the complexion, which must be a dead white and magenta red.

Ears are worn, one on each side of the head, with the hair all carried up so as to give them a peculiar appearance of alertness. There is some prospect of having them pointed, as the mistress of the Grand Duke of D—— has a pet rabbit which is very much admired in European court circles.

"American Beggardom."

Under the above head, the *London Punch* gives the following, which is of local interest to Philadelphians:—

"Punch studies all the American newspapers. Hence the mingled grandeur and jocosity of his style. The last American journal which he has studied is the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, in the advertising columns whereof he finds something to note. This is a circular in behalf of a gentleman named Pester, whom his friends purpose to "run for Alderman" for a region called Roxborough. Run for Alderman does not mean that the civic candidates race each other for the honor; this would scarcely be aldermanly. It only means that Mr. Pester is to be put up for election. And he is recommended for these reasons:—

"'1. Because he is good hearted, and a free giver to all worthy objects.

"'2. He is the widow's friend.

"'3. He is a friend to the poor man.

"'4. You can trust him to collect money for you; you will be sure to get it.

"'5. He was the soldier's friend when at the front.

"'6. He is a friend to all the churches, without distinction of name or creed.

"'7. His office is situated in the centre of Roxborough, where it is convenient.

"'8. He is a sober, hard-working man, and minds his own business.'

"We are not quite so plain-spoken as this in England, though a good many elections are decided upon grounds like those on which Mr. Pester's fame reposes. Out of these eight reasons six set forth that he is good to Mendicants. Objects beg of him, Widows beg of him, Poor Men beg of him, You beg of him to beg for you, Soldiers beg of him, Preachers beg of him—and his office, seventhly, is convenient for all these Beggars. The appeal throws some light on American elections, but we assure our Philadelphia friends (in England we dare proclaim national weaknesses,) that if a large number of our own election addresses were translated into plain English, they would not be so very unlike the testimonial to Mr. Pester."

Believing, but Not Understanding.

"I will not believe anything but what I understand," said a self-confident young man in a hotel one day.

"Nor will I," said another.

"Neither will I," chimed in a third.

"Gentlemen," said one well known to me, who was on a journey, and who sat close by, "do I understand you correctly, that you will not believe anything that you don't understand?"

"I will not," said one, and so said each one of the trio.

"Well," said the stranger, "in my ride this morning, I saw some geese in a field eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Certainly," said the three unbelievers.

"I also saw the pigs eating grass; do you believe that?"

"*Of* course," said the three.

"And I also saw sheep and cows eating grass; do you believe that?"

"Of course," was again replied.

"Well, but the grass which they had formerly eaten, had, by digestion, turned to feathers on the backs of the geese, to bristles on the backs of the swine, to wool on the sheep, and on the cows it had turned to hair; do you believe that, gentlemen?"

"Certainly," they replied.

"Yes, you *believe it*," he rejoined, "but do you understand it?"

They were confounded and silent, and evidently ashamed, as they well might be.

Rights of Travellers.

An express baggage case of importance was recently tried in Brooklyn. An express company contested a claim of about two thousand dollars for the loss of a trunk and its contents. The defence set up was that on the back of the receipt given to the owner of the trunk it was stipulated that the company would not hold itself liable for any jewelry, nor for any value above one hundred dollars. Such printed notice, it was contended, was a contract which, when accepted, bound the owner of property entrusted to their care. The Judge held that in the hurry of railroad travel it would be impossible for every person to read the printed matter on the back of such receipts before accepting them, and he therefore instructed the jury to bring in a verdict, which they did, for the full amount claimed. This verdict is in accordance with a long course of decisions by which our courts seek to protect the travelling community against the encroachments of corporations. That the verdict is a just one cannot be doubted, when it is considered that in these present times of high prices very few trunks, even of clothing, are ever carried, which their owners would value at so low a sum as one hundred dollars. A lady's silk dress would almost reach that amount in value.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.—Many an unwise parent works hard, and lives sparingly all his life, for the purpose of leaving enough to give his children a start in the world, as it is called. Setting a young man afloat with money left him by his relatives, is like tying a bladder under the arms of one who cannot swim; ten chances to one he will lose his bladders and go to the bottom. Teach him to swim, and he will not need the bladders. Give your child a good education. See to it that his morals are pure, his mind cultivated, and his whole nature made subservient to the laws which govern man, and you will have given what will be of more value than the wealth of the Indies. You have given him a start which no misfortune can deprive him of. The earlier you teach him to depend upon his own resources and the blessings of God, the better.

☞ The eccentric Baron de Ponnat, who, at the Peace Congress of Geneva, denounced Christianity as the cause of all modern wars, has addressed a letter to several of the Paris newspapers on the occasion of his daughter's taking the veil. "The Baron de Ponnat," runs the letter, "is grieved to have to inform you of the cruel loss that he has just sustained in the person of his youngest daughter, Mdlle. Josephine de Ponnat, whom superstition has buried alive in the Convent of Conflans (Seine), for the greater glory of God and of the Ladies of the Holy Heart."

A French Romance.

"Spiridion," the Paris correspondent of the Boston Gazette, relates the following romance of real life:—

A Madame Dufour, after being married more than fifteen years, and after giving birth to four children, found herself the mother of a fifth child seven months after her husband's death had reduced them all to poverty. He had a good salary, but it was all he had, and when he died his family lost everything. This is a misfortune which should never occur, since life insurance effectually averts it upon payment of an inconsiderable sum of money. The poor woman was at so low a pitch of despair when the child was born that she was able to persuade herself that it would be mercy to the child to place it in a foundling hospital, where the chances were death would soon release it from the heavy burden of life, or, at all events, where it would be sure of a roof to cover it and bread to eat until it was old enough to earn them. She tore a rag of calico into two fragments, placed one around the hapless baby's neck, retained the other to aid her to discover the child, and sent it to the foundling hospital. As soon as she could leave her bed she repented having listened to the suggestions of despair, and went to the hospital to claim her child. The Sisters of Charity, after comparing the torn fragments of calico, to make sure of the identity of the child, told the mother her daughter had been confided to a woman named Gaillard, living at Seyches. Thither the poor mother went, and found a woman named Gaillard with a girl; she took it in her arms, pressed it to her breast, and covered it with kisses, sure it was her own darling she had so unnaturally forsaken. She said to the nurse: "Take good care of the child; I will soon come again." She came again, visited them repeatedly, and never failed to appear with hands full of clothes, or food or money. When the child was three years old the mother took it home, and, as if to secure forgiveness of her temporary forgetfulness of a mother's duties, she treated this child with greater tenderness than all the others. Wasn't it also the Benjamin of the family? The mother prospered more than ever, and the last comer received a better education and was every way better brought up than the others. When she reached womanhood she was wooed by a young man, and it became necessary to collect the certificate of her identity.

The foundling hospital gave her a copy of the register of her birth, which recorded the birth of Denise Achet, the 11th of October, 1843, the child of unknown parents. Justly dissatisfied with this register, she, aided by Mme. Dufour, applied to the courts to rectify the record, and declare her to be Louise Dufour and born in lawful wedlock. The court, after careful inquest, delivered the desired judgment. Mlle. Louise Dufour married well, and was on the eve of becoming a mother when a poor girl, employed as the maid of all work in a peasant's house, put in claim that she and none other was Denise Achet, born on the 11th of October, 1843, and consequently that she was entitled to be called Louise Dufour, born in lawful wedlock. The courts ordered a new inquest, which was conducted in as painstaking a manner as possible. By dint of research, the courts discovered that two female children, sent to the foundling hospital about the same time, had been intrusted to nurses in the same village of Seyches, and each of them had been given to a nurse named Gaillard; but one of these nurses was a Mme. Gaillard, and the other was a Mlle. Gaillard. Poor Mme. Dufour, thinking there was but one nurse of that name with a young girl, made few inquiries, and went to the wrong nurse. The courts were consequently obliged to declare that Louise Dufour was not the legitimate daughter of Mme. Dufour, but was an illegitimate orphan, and that Mme. Dufour's true and lawful daughter was that poor servant girl of peasants she had never laid eyes on since she was a baby. Mme. Dufour refused to admit this decision, and the whole subject was reinvestigated. The evidence demonstrated in a still more conclusive manner the poor servant girl to be the lawful daughter, and Louise Dufour to be a foundling whose parents no one knew. Still Mme. Dufour refused to acknowledge the farm servant, prematurely bowed and stiffened by overwork, beaten by sun and wind and rain, uneducated and ungainly, as her daughter. Her daughter was the girl who had for twenty odd years been constantly by her side, her companion and her assistant, whose prattle she had trained to speech, and whose speech she had refined by books and conversation; with whom she had made cares lighter by exchanging them in confidential conversation. The disowned one has had the stigma of bastardy removed from her by judicial decision, but her mother refuses to notice her even so far as to answer her demand for the requisite authority to her marriage.

What think you of the ties of blood after reading this strange history? Is the voice of blood unmistakable? Can you deny that mysterious irregularity of life incidents called "luck," which makes so many of our neighbors happy, and so many others wretched; which is continually marring our best-laid schemes; which so often makes the most barren thistles yield us figs?

☞ A correspondent of the Indianapolis Herald, writing from Europe, evidently a lady, indulges in some pleasant gossip about the notables. She says that the Empress of Austria is, "of the crowned females," the greatest beauty in Europe. Von Buest, the Austrian statesman, is described as "very small and delicate, with a thoughtful face—just the opposite of Bismarck in appearance." King Louis, of Bavaria, is "a handsome youth of twenty-one," who cares only for "music and frolicking." The Prince of Wales, we are told, is beginning to "look like Henry VIII."

☞ THEATRICAL.—Miss Menken is to reappear as Mazeppa. Play-goers are startled by the bare announcement.—*London Punch.*

☞ At a party last evening in an up-town residence, a young and enthusiastic lady used the word "splendid" eighty-three times, by special count.

☞ A Chicago despatch states that Mrs. Lincoln is actually preparing to publish a book. Miss Olive Logan, the actress and writer, is said to have been engaged to assist her in her literary labor.

The Agricultural Bureau.

The following is compiled from the report of the Department of Agriculture for October:—

The returns contain local estimates of the amount of wheat yielded in comparison with the crop of last year. While few localities have exhibited large yields per acre, and some have caused comparative disappointment by an average product, less than was confidently expected at harvesting, the sum total in bushels will exceed that of any harvest hitherto gathered in this country. It will surmount the figures of last year by 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 bushels. As an approximate estimate upon present data, 220,000,000 to 250,000,000 bushels may be received as the crop of the entire country for 1867.

In the Northwest the increase is variable and moderate, as follows: Illinois 7, Minnesota 8, Michigan 13, Iowa 15, and Wisconsin 16 per cent.

The largest increase is made by Ohio, being 130 per cent. Indiana is placed at 85 per cent.; West Virginia, 51, and Kentucky 38. In the Atlantic states the great deficiency of last year was in Pennsylvania, and the increase there this year is 57 per cent. The Southern states show a material enlargement in the area of wheat, from an evident intention to become more nearly self-supporting than formerly. The great decline in Texas results from the neglected and weedy condition of the lands which formerly yielded good crops. The quality of wheat is greatly inferior to that of last year, and is is universally sound and dry, but in many localities there may be found from one-third to one-half deficiency in weight, lacking in plumpness, or slightly shrivelled and passing as No. 2, being less than 58 lbs. to the bushel. There is also a greater tendency to cleanliness and care in preparing the grain for market.

Oats.—The aggregate estimate will exceed 28,000,000 bushels, about 3 per cent. above that of 1866.

Rye.—The estimates for all the states, excepting those on the Pacific, is 21,000,000 bushels, being an increase of 4 per cent. over the product of last year.

Barley—Is slightly deficient, being a crop of about 500,000 bushels, 4 per cent. decline as compared with the crop of last year.

Corn.—There is more than an average crop, and the quality is uniformly good, leaving no doubt that the value of the entire crop, after deducting the deficiency in the Ohio Valley and allowing for an increase in almost all the other states, will be greater not only in cash but in the intrinsic life-sustaining and pork-producing power, than that of last year.

Sorghum.—The sorghum interest has greatly declined. Frosts have injured the crop in many places; the average is much reduced, and despondency is evident in the feelings of many growers.

Buckwheat.—This crop will scarcely be equal to that of last year.

Potatoes.—The crop is a poor one this year.

Tobacco.—A decline in the tobacco product is indicated in the principal tobacco growing sections. [For particulars see crop tables A.]

Sugar.—Louisiana, the only state producing cane sugar to any extent, reports an increase of twenty per cent. over the small yield of last year.

Cotton.—Complete estimates will be made on the receipt of the November returns. The October returns indicate a considerable increase in South Carolina, Georgia and Alabama; about the same yield as last year in Mississippi, Arkansas and Tennessee, and a marked diminution in Texas and Louisiana. All estimates below 2,000,000 bales, of 400 lbs. each, are decidedly fallacious, while present indications favor an approximation to 2,500,000 bales.

Fattening Cattle.—There appears to be a small deficiency of fattening cattle in Kentucky, Ohio and Illinois, the centre of Eastern supplies. Farther West and Northwest the supply is quite as good as last year. In those states that report a reduced supply there is also a reduction in condition. In all the other states the reports upon condition are quite favorable.

Old Wheat.—A glance at the table will show a reduction as compared with last year, when the old stock was also small. The stock of old wheat has not been reduced so low for many years, if ever.

THE inconvenience and even danger arising from ladies' long trains in crowded streets has given rise to the formation of "The treading-on-ladies'-trains Union"—a society whose avowed purpose it is to get rid of trains by destroying them. Every member, therefore, is bound, as soon as he perceives such dangerous appendage moving along the thoroughfare, to jump upon it instantly, and with sufficient force to rend it in some place or other. This is a first duty of all members of the Union. He is then to apologize with all possible politeness, in order that his intention may not be suspected, and the aim of the society be defeated.

TO FIX PENCIL WRITING.—Pencil writing may be fixed almost as indelibly as ink, by passing the moistened tongue over it. Even breathing slowly over the lines, after writing, renders them much less liable to erasure than when not subjected to that process. This fact may be of importance to persons who may wish to carry a memorandum book for a long time. In ordinary use the pages of such a book often become very much defaced by the erasure and diffusion of the pencil marks over the entire surface of the paper. A trial of the experiment will readily satisfy any person of the utility of the idea.

☞ The abuse of false hair for the last two years has produced a raise of 50 per cent. in the price. The French "capillary artists" now sell annually 140,000 pounds of hair, and when braided, curled and cork-screwed, brings in a revenue of more than $15,000,000. Where all this hair comes from is a secret which, for the tranquillity of families, had better not be fathomed. Yawning graves might tell the story. It takes much manipulation to get the putrid smell from the glossy locks.

☞ MRS. SPOFFORD.—A correspondent of one of the papers describes Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford as a "tall, lithe, pale-faced, light-eyed, dark-haired, intense, highly-wrought woman, who looks and talks like the poet that she is."

From the Christian Intelligencer, N. Y. City, June 6th.

TEAS.—Some idea of the immense business of the Great American Tea Company, 31 and 33 Vesey street, N. Y., may be obtained from the fact, officially announced in the *New York Shipping and Commercial List*, that it recently purchased the entire cargoes of the ships *George Skotton* and *Golden State*. Operations of such magnitude by a single firm are unusual, and they explain the secret of the low prices at which this company offer their teas. As to the quality and flavor of their teas, we can testify from personal trial of them.

THE MASON & HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS are here (*at Paris Exposition*) too, and pronounced by all as unequalled in quality of tone. Frequently their key-board must be lifted, to demonstrate to a doubting spectator that such round, full, and pure tones, quite different from the harsh, reedy cries of the harmoniums in common use, are produced from free reeds. Their quickness of response to the touch is also much admired, this having been deemed impossible here, except by the use of the percussion stop.—*N. Y. Musical Gazette.*

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE
AND
FEMALE SUFFRAGE.

BY A REPUBLICAN (not a "Radical.")

This is a 12mo., containing 116 pages, and is devoted to a calm and moderate discussion of the Suffrage Question—the author contending that the Suffrage should be Qualified, and *not* Unqualified and Universal.

Reasons are given against Universal Negro Suffrage, and also against Female Suffrage.

This work (published in June) was written before the Connecticut election of last Spring—and in it the writer gives the following

WARNING TO THE PARTY OF PROGRESS.

"In every great movement, as History warns us, it is all-important that the party of Progress should know *where to stop*. Generally, misled by zealots, they will not pause at the proper period, and thus create a Reaction, whose waves in turn sweep away not only the proofs of their folly, but much which has really been gained for the great cause of human improvement. A safe rule in such cases would seem to be, that the reformatory party should pause *when the result which they had originally aimed at was attained.*

"The Anti-slavery movement has effected its contemplated end; and the work planned in the days of sober reason being accomplished, it is now plunging into madness and folly. I warn the friends of the negro, and the negroes themselves, against the inevitable reaction which they are provoking. If they fall into the spirit of the Jacobins, and plot themselves to wild theories of the natural rights of man, and wild notions of vengeance against the Southern rebels, they will experience the fate of the Jacobins, *and go down amid the fierce surges of a popular reaction.* If they act, however, like moderate and sensible men, who are able to understand that there are other people in this country than negroes, and other interests than those relating to the freedmen, it will be well for the negroes themselves, for the Republican party, and for the country."

The Author wishes the above (and the work itself) to be read and pondered by all thoughtful men, in the light of the recent elections. Is not his Prediction coming true?

The work will be forwarded by mail (postage prepaid) on the receipt of the price, 50 cents, by the publishers, J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.
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Only wait, and I'll come bye and bye;
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Fourth: On its arrival here it is sold by the cargo, and the Purchaser sells it to the Speculator in invoices of 1,000 to 2,000 packages, at an average profit of about 10 per cent.

Fifth: The Speculator sells it to the Wholesale Tea Dealer in lines, at a profit of 10 to 15 per cent.

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When you have added to these EIGHT profits as many brokerages, cartages, storages, cooperages, and waste, and add the original cost of the Tea, it will be perceived what the consumer has to pay. And now we propose to show why we can sell so very much lower than other dealers.

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By our system of supplying clubs throughout the country, consumers in all parts of the United States can receive their Teas at the same prices (with the small additional expense of transportation) as though they bought them at our warehouses in the city.

Some parties inquire of us how they shall proceed to get up a club. The answer is simply this: Let each person wishing to join in a club, say how much tea or coffee he wants, and select the kind and price from our Price List, as published in the paper or in our circulars. Write the names, kinds, and amounts plainly on a list, as seen in the Club Order published below, and when the club is complete send it to us by mail, and we will put each party's goods in separate packages, and mark the name upon them, with the cost, so there need be no confusion in their distribution—each party getting exactly what he orders, and no more. The cost of transportation the members can divide equitably among themselves.

Parties sending Club or other orders for less than thirty dollars had better send Post-office drafts, or money with their orders, to save the expense of collections by express; but larger orders we will forward by express, to collect on delivery.

Hereafter we will send a complimentary package to the party getting up the Club. Our profits are small, but we will be satisfied as we can afford. We send no complimentary package for Clubs of less than $30.

Parties getting their Teas from us may confidently rely upon getting them pure and fresh, as they come direct from the Custom House stores to our warehouses.

We warrant all the goods we sell to give entire satisfaction. If they are not satisfactory they can be returned at our expense within 20 days, and have the money refunded.

The Company have selected the following kinds from their stock, which they recommend to meet the wants of Clubs. They are sold at Cargo Prices, the same as the Company sell them in New York, as the list of prices will show.

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UNCOLORED JAPAN, 80c., $1, $1 10, best $1 25 ₩ lb.
GUNPOWDER (Green), $1 25, best $1 50 ₩ lb.

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GROUND COFFEE, 20c., 25c., 30c., 35c., best 40c per lb. Hotels, Saloons, Boarding-house keepers, and Families who use large quantities of Coffee, can economize in that article by using our FRENCH BREAKFAST and DINNER COFFEE, which we sell at the low price of 30c. per pound, and warrant to give perfect satisfaction.

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Nos. 31 and 33 Vesey Street, N. Y.

DEAR SIRS:—I herewith send you another order for Tea. The last was duly received, and gives general satisfaction. As long as you send us such good Tea, you may expect a continuation of our patronage. As a further evidence that the subscribers were satisfied, you will observe that I send you the names of all those that sent before who were near out of Tea, with a large addition of new subscribers. Accept my thanks for the complimentary package. Ship this as the other, and oblige. Your ob't servant, DAVID C. McKEE.

6 Tea.	Japan	J. Havens,	at $1 25	$7 50
5 do	do	do	at 1 00	5 00
1 do	Gunpowder	do	at 1 50	1 50
1 do	Japan	S. Curtis	at 1 25	1 25
2 do	Young Hyson	do	at 1 00	2 00
1 do	Japan	N. Shaw	at 1 00	1 00
1 do	Young Hyson	do	at 1 00	1 00
3 do	do	H. McCargen	at 1 25	3 75
2 do	Green	do	at 1 25	2 50
4 do	do	Wm. Barraford	at 1 25	5 00
1 do	Gunpowder	A. H. Perkins	at 1 50	1 50
and 10 others—total				$31 65

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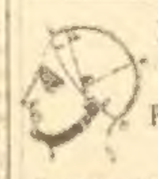

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PENNSYLVANIA CENTRAL RAILROAD

WINTER TIME, TAKING EFFECT OCT. 13th, 1867.

The trains of the Pennsylvania Central R. R. leave the Depot, at 24th and Market Streets, which is reached directly by the Market Street Cars, the last car connecting with each train leaving Front and Market Streets thirty minutes before its departure. The Chestnut and Walnut Street cars run within one square of the Depot.

ON SUNDAYS.—The Market Street cars leave Front and Market Streets 15 minutes before the departure of each train.

SLEEPING CAR TICKETS can be had on application at the Ticket Office, North-West corner of Ninth and Chestnut Streets, and at the Depot.

AGENTS OF THE UNION TRANSFER COMPANY will call for and deliver baggage at the Depot. Orders left at No. 901 Chestnut Street, No. 116 Market Street, or No. 1 South Eleventh Street, will receive attention.

TRAINS LEAVE DEPOT, VIZ.:

MAIL TRAIN	8.00	A.M.
FAST LINE AND ERIE EXPRESS	12.00	M.
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	1.00	P.M.
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	3.30	"
LANCASTER ACCOMMODATION	4.00	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	6.00	"
WESTERN ACCOM. TRAIN	5.45	"
ERIE MAIL	11.15	"
CINCINNATI EXPRESS	8.00	"
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	11.15	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	9.00	"
ACCOMMODATION	11.30	"

Erie Mail leaves daily, except Saturday.
Philadelphia Express leaves daily. All other trains daily, except Sunday.

THE WESTERN ACCOMMODATION TRAIN runs daily, except Sunday. For full particulars as to fare and accommodations, apply to FRANCIS FUNK, Agent 137 Dock Street.

TRAINS ARRIVE AT DEPOT, VIZ.:

CINCINNATI EXPRESS	1.10	A.M.
PHILADELPHIA EXPRESS	7.10	"
ERIE MAIL	9.05	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 1	8.20	"
FAST LINE	9.05	"
PARKESBURG TRAIN	9.40	"
LANCASTER TRAIN	1.10	P.M.
ERIE EXPRESS	1.10	"
DAY EXPRESS	6.20	"
PAOLI ACCOMMODATION, No. 2	7.10	"
HARRISBURG ACCOMMODATION	9.50	"

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JOHN C. ALLEN, Ticket Agent, 901 Chestnut St.
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WIT AND HUMOR.

ODE TO A BOB-TAILED CAT.

Felis infelix! Cat unfortunate,
With nary narrative!
Canst thou no tale relate
Of how
(M-e-o-w,)
Thy tail end came to terminate,
So bluntly?

Did'st wear it off by
Sedentary habits
As do the rabbits?

Did'st go a
Fishing with it,
Fishing with it,
To "bob" for a catfish,
And got bobbed thyself?
Curses on that fish!

Did'st lose it in kittenhood,
Hungerly chewing it?
Or gaily pursuing it,
Did it make tangent,
Abrupt refrangent
From thy swift circuit?

Did some brother gray-back—
Yowling
And howling
In nocturnal strife,
Spitting and staring,
Cussing and swearing,
Ripping and tearing,
Calling thee "sausage tail"
Abbreviate thy suffix!

Or did thy jealous wife
Detect yer
In some sly flirtation,
And after Caudal lecture,
Bite off thy termination!
And serve yer right!

Did some mischievous boy,
Some barbarous boy,
Some murderous boy,
Eliminate thy finis?
(Probably!)
The wretch,
The villain!
Cruelly spillin'
Thy innocent blood!
Let every cat scratch him,
Suck his breath,
Be his death
Whene'er they can catch him.

Well, Bob, two courses are left,
Since thus of your tail you're bereft.
Tell your friends that by letter
From Paris,
You have learnt the style there is
To wear the tail short,
And the briefer the better;
And for prompt imitation
Such is the passion,
That every Grimalkin will
Follow your fashion,
Or else,
If they laugh at the stump,
That you wag at your rump,
There are fur shops where cat skins are retailed,
Hurry on, Robert Caudal, and be re-tailed.

Julius Cæsar.

This renowned soldier, politician and author, was born in Rome, New York state, a small village on the Erie canal. Being a young man of rare talent, which he discovered himself at an early age, he very naturally had an aversion to doing anything useful in life, and first turned his attention to oratory. Historians state that he sought the Island of Rhodes for the purpose of study—probably Rhode Island. On the passage in one of the Sound steamers he was captured by pirates, led by the notorious Captain Kidd, author of Kid Gloves and various other trashy literature. They agreed to ransom him for thirty talents, but if they had known how full of *talents* the young man was, they would doubtless have stuck him for twice that sum. He immediately gave his check for the amount, but when they had returned this ransomed sinner home, what does this ransomed sinner do but organize a fleet of oyster boats and go in pursuit of them; and when he captured the bloody pirates, instead of pardoning them, or commuting their sentence to holding office, why he killed them.

That was Julius Cæsar's style. After that he went to his lessons like the nice boy that he was. I only mention this little incident of his life to show boys what obedience to parents will accomplish, for as the tree is inclined the twig goes on a bender, sure.

We don't hear much of his oratory at this time except an occasional temperance lecture before the Loveland Lyceum, and he finally returns to Rome to accept some office—alderman, we think—that had been pressed upon him by his fellow citizens. He was urged to embark in the conspiracy of Cataline or Catalina, but he peremptorily refused in those memorable Greek words:

"*Katalina, nix cum karaus.*"

Step by step he rose through the various grades of office—alderman, member of the school board, fence viewer, notary public, constable, sealer of weights and measures, street commissioner, etc., etc., until his head was turned with his successes and the flights of his ambition knew no bounds. In the meantime he had conducted numerous wars with the rural neighborhoods to preserve his popularity in his ward—he crossed the Rhine twice to electioneer the Germans; whipped the Gauls until, as he states in one of his commentaries, they weren't worth a *gaul*-darn, and introduced Feninism into Great Britain.

He had a powerful rival in Rome, jealous of his rapidly growing fame, a colored gentleman named Pompey, who endeavored to have him removed and some less radical General appointed in his place. Pompey at length got Cæsar outlawed—he couldn't outfight him, but he could out-*law* him—and then it was Cæsar marched upon Rome, drinking furiously every day until his nose had "passed the *Rubicond*."

This has been looked upon by some whose noses don't show it as much as his did, as the great fault of his life. It is not our province, however, to pronounce opinions, but simply to give the facts of history.

The fight between Cæsar and Pompey raged for many years, but the latter was finally killed by treachery in Egypt, Illinois. It is said that Cæsar wept at the sight of the head of his great rival, probably because he had missed the pleasure of "bursting" it himself. At any rate he caused the body of the great Pomp to be interred with great pomp-osity.

After destroying various other enemies, Cæsar returned in triumph to Rome, where a grand sparring expedition was given for his benefit.

Honors and adulation flowed in upon him from that time. He was elected honorary member of a base ball club, his signature was solicited to subscription papers, men met him on the streets and begged tobacco of him, he had a dead head pass on the street cars, was importuned to sign the pledge, was presented with a gold headed cane, and had a canal boat named after him. He was invited to preside at banquets, and in the Fourth of July processions rode among the soldiers of the war of 1812. Twice elected Mayor of Rome, he aspired to become Treasurer of the county, and that fixed him. A conspiracy was formed against him, led by one Cassius, ably assisted, as conspirators usually are, by the victim's bosom friend, a perfect gentleman named Brutus.

Cæsar was warned in various ways of the snares that were being laid for him. One night, after partaking heartily of cold mince pie, just before going to bed, he had bad dreams. His wife saw the new moon over her left shoulder. Then, too, one of the attendants at his palace, who had been on a spree for a week or two, imagined that he saw serpents in the air—and in his boots, and heard ghosts shrieking and squealing in the streets of Rome. But these things, however much they might scare the attendant, his wife and the cold mince could not by any manner of means frighten Cæsar. And so he went about among the coffee houses electioneering as usual. One morning—it was the ides of March—as Cæsar was standing in the rotunda of the new Court House, the conspirators suddenly set upon him with corn-cutters and cooked his royal goose. He was about to fall, but suddenly recollecting that the scene would be incomplete without his toga—it was a *Sara-toga* that he used to wear at the Springs—he sent an attendant for it, and when it arrived he wrapped it around him as he had seen Forrest do when playing the character, and picking out a place on the floor, where there wasn't any tobacco spit, he laid down and died. His last words were "*Veni, vidi, vici*," I came, I "saw the blind," but they scooped me in!

A Warning to Early Risers.

The recent life of Josiah Quincy has the following good anecdote:—"One day, Mr. John Quincy Adams, who was addicted to the same vice of intemperate early rising, with much the same consequences, was visiting my father, who invited him to go into Judge Story's lecture-room, and hear his lecture to his law class. Now Judge Story did not accept the philosophy of his two friends in this particular, and would insist that it was a more excellent way to take out one's allowance of sleep in bed, and be wide awake when out of it—which he himself most assuredly always was. The Judge received the two Presidents gladly, and placed them in the seat of honor, on the dais by his side, fronting the class, and proceeded with his lecture. It was not long before, glancing his eye aside to see how his guests were impressed by his doctrine, he saw that they were both of them sound asleep, and he saw that the class saw it, too. Pausing a moment in his swift career of speech, he pointed to the two sleeping figures, and uttered these words of warning: 'Gentlemen, you see before you a melancholy example of the evil effects of early rising!' The shout of laughter with which this judicial *obiter dictum* was received effectually aroused the sleepers, and it is to be hoped that they heard and profited by the remainder of the discourse."

☞ The late Soulouque once revised the record of a court-martial which acquitted several officers. Soulouque exclaimed:—"Mister Minister, I commute their sentence—let them be shot." The Secretary suggested that the men were acquitted. "What of that, sir?" asked this constitutional monarch, "haven't I got the pardoning power?" The men were shot.

A LAST RESOURCE.

CUNNING LITTLE WIFE (whose husband persisted in remaining in town, when she was dying to go to the sea).—"I say, dear, you won't mind having your books and papers and things moved into the drawing-room, will you? The whitewashers are coming to-morrow, and the carpets have to be taken up, and everything turned out for a fortnight!"

MERLIN.

Merlin, the great magician,
Quelled by a woman's hand,
Lies under the mighty oak-trees
In the forest of Broceliande.

The fever of life comes never
To fret his poet-brain:
He has slept a thousand years, and shall sleep
A thousand years again.

Dews fall soft on the turf there,
Young birds twitter above:
Merlin sleeps, and surely sleep
Is better than aught save love.

Merlin sleeps, while the winters
Freeze and the summers bloom,
And the old oaks whisper softly,
He is here till the Day of Doom.

He has no letters to answer,
He has no debts to pay,
No book shall he write, no journal read,
'Twixt this and the Judgment Day.

O happy, happy Merlin,
Afar in the forest deep!
To thee alone of the sons of men
Gave a woman the gift of sleep.

AGRICULTURAL.

November on the Farm.

Fall work is drawing towards the close. Still the month can be filled up with something useful. There is many a bushy pasture that needs to be cut over, many a clump of alders that may be out for firewood, and many a field that can be ploughed to advantage and be put in readiness for the spring. There is, also, many a field of roots not yet gathered that must soon come in.

As a general rule, it is not safe in this latitude, to leave ruta bagas or turnips in the ground later than the 10th of this month. They will stand the early frosts well enough, but the freezing nights of November are a little too much for them. Mangolds must be pulled and housed with care, as rough handling is apt to bruise them and injure their keeping qualities. The tops are relished by stock of all kinds. Neither beets nor carrots should be allowed to freeze. In gathering carrots a subsoil plough may be run along as close as practicable to the row, which lifts them a little so that they can be thrown out with ease and a great saving of labor. The tops may be previously cut with a common scythe and raked off. This method with a large field is the most economical one we know of, and it is well worth trying.

It may be said, in general, that all stiff clayey lands are improved by fall ploughing, to say nothing of the incidental advantages which this plan implies. With lighter lands it is not so essential, though even these, if tolerably level and not too liable to wash, may be turned up this month and put into a condition to work earlier and better in the spring. It is often the case that land designed for oats in the spring cannot be ploughed to advantage sufficiently early in April, and in such cases we see no objection to ploughing now. They lie up looser and warm up earlier if fall ploughed, to say nothing of the fact that the teams suffer less in this cool weather, and the comparative leisure of this season of the year.

How are those ditches on that reclaimed meadow? You know everything on the farm is apt to grow worse instead of better, if let alone, and this is especially the case with the open ditches. They gradually fill up so as to set the water back, and require careful looking after. Now is the time to clear out the mud and to deepen them if they need it. Reclaimed swamp lands are made good with considerable labor, and it is poor economy to let them alone to take care of themselves, when a little labor once a year or two, will keep them in good working order. The outlets of tile drains should also be frequently examined to see that they are all right. In many cases they may need to be protected from the frost.

Potatoes are already mostly dug. They should be exposed to the sun as little as possible after being dug, and stored in bins or barrels. A little air slacked lime sprinkled over them will do no harm, and many have an idea that it protects them from injury by rotting. Some pile them in the barn floor or other dry places before putting them into the cellar for the winter, and leave them till the approach of extreme cold weather.

Cut off the tops of asparagus and cover the beds with a coating of coarse manure. A fresh planting of new beds may now be made of asparagus, rhubarb, grapes, raspberries, etc. The ground should be mulched for winter. The stalks of dahlias should be cut down, leaving the roots in the ground till later in the month, when they are to be taken up, labelled and laid down in sand till spring again opens.

The manure designed for top-dressing may now be hauled out and spread, if the surface is hard enough to bear the teams without being cut up. The top-dressing of low or reclaimed swale lands must be applied later, when the ground is frozen. When the yard and the barn cellar are cleared out, draw in loam, muck, leaves or sand, and fill up with litter. Fill the pig pens also, to the depth of one or two feet. Leaves may also be collected in large quantities for bedding in the winter. Cattle should be constantly well supplied with litter, not only as a matter of comfort, but for the economy of manure. Warm shelter and good bedding also economize food. An animal well protected from the cold, will thrive better on less food than one exposed. Horses, therefore, should be blanketed as soon as the weather becomes cold, nor should a frequent and thorough carding be omitted. The utmost regularity in feeding is of course requisite now, as at all times. Especially is this the case with all fattening animals. All animals need a full supply of pure water.

See that all farm tools, wagons, carts, &c., are properly housed or protected from the weather—there is no economy in exposing them. Repairs may be needed on some of the buildings or fences, and now is the proper time to attend to making them. There is more leisure now than you will have in spring, and all the work you can do now, in preparation for spring, will be an important gain of time.

These suggestions will be sufficient to lay out the work for the month, at the close of which will come the annual Thanksgiving, a fitting end of the year's work, established by our Puritan fathers after the example of the ancient Pagans, who, after the harvest, met for joy and thanksgiving, feasting on the fat of the land, selecting the choicest of the flocks and herds to offer at the sacrifice. God has blessed our labors, the harvest is gathered, and we are enabled as the result of our honest labors, to keep want from our doors, and while we rejoice with our friends, let us remember the poor and try to make all hearts joyful on this festive occasion.—*Massachusetts Ploughman.*

RECEIPTS.

POTTED LARKS, AND OTHER SMALL BIRDS.—Bake them in a pan under a crust, with plenty of seasoning and butter. When they are cold put as many in a pot as can be forced in side by side, and cover them with clarified butter.

POTTED RABBIT.—Take off the legs and shoulders of the rabbits, also the fleshy parts of the back. Cut off the leg bones at the first joint, and the shoulder bones at the blades, but without cutting off the meat. Take also the livers; season these limbs and livers, put plenty of butter over them, and bake them gently; then stow them lightly into pots, covering them with clarified butter. The remainder of the rabbits may serve for any other purpose in the culinary arrangements of the day.

POTTED PIGEONS.—Clean them well, bone them, season them in the usual manner, and lay them very close in a baking pan. Cover them with butter; tie very thick paper over them, and put the pan into the oven. When cold, put them closely packed side by side into pots that will hold three each, and cover them with clarified butter.

TO STEW PIG'S FEET.—Boil four feet, take out the bones, and put them in a vessel with a little vinegar and water, a lump of butter the size of a goose egg, and some salt and pepper, and stew for half-an-hour, and serve on a hot dish. Or they are nice dressed as terrapins.

TO FRY PIG'S FEET.—Split them in halves lengthwise, dip them in batter, and fry in hot lard. They must previously have been soaked several hours in vinegar.

You can fry them in vinegar and water without lard, and they will be very nice.

DRIED FRUIT PUDDING.—Boil the fruit until nearly done, and chop it fine. Save a teacupful of the juice for sauce. Make a batter of light bread soaked soft in water or milk, put the fruit into it and stir well, and pour into a bag and boil until done.

Make a sauce of melted butter, sugar, and a little flour, with enough of the apple-juice to flavor it richly, and nutmeg and spice to your taste.

POTATO SCONES.—Take some boiled or steamed potatoes, peel them and mash them, add some salt and flour sufficient to give them the consistency of light dough, roll it out rather thin, cut it into small cakes, and do them in front of a fire in a toaster, or grill them on a gridiron, and serve quite hot, either buttered or with butter apart.

ISINGLASS JELLY.—To one ounce of shaved isinglass take a quart of water, and boil it down to a pint, and strain it through a flannel bag. Add a glass of wine and some sugar before straining. Stir it and put it in glasses.

TAFFY.—Three pounds of sugar dissolved in a pint of water, in which half a teaspoon of citric acid has been dissolved; remove the scum as fast as it rises. Boil until it will crack when dropped in cold water; remove from the fire, and add the juice of three lemons or four oranges. Mix it well and boil very gently, until it is as hard as before the lemon was added; pour it in square buttered pans. It should be about an eighth of an inch thick when cold. Before it hardens mark it off neatly in small blocks that it may break regularly.

DAMP WALLS.—When damp walls proceed from *deliquescence* in the case of muriate of soda, &c., an intimate combination with the sand used for the mortar, it is merely necessary to wash the wall with a strong solution of alum. This converts the *deliquescent* salt into an *efflorescent* one, and the cure is complete. Or, alum may be added to the plaster in the first instance.

THE RIDDLER.

Enigma.

Though men frequently "beat" it, and some even kill,
What is it that suffers no injury still?
Ever flying away, and yet present, I ween;
Well known to all persons, by none ever seen.
When once it is gone it can ne'er be regained,
Yet it is not diminished nor loss hath sustained.
Though men how to reckon it know very well.
In its course who can stop it? The answer now tell. BIBLIOPHILUS.

Double Geographical Rebus.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A city in Delaware.
A river in Mesapotamia.
A river in Iowa.
An island in the Mediterranean.
A city in Russia.
An island in the gulf of Bothnia.
A river in Kansas.
A city in the British Isles.
A city in Spain.
The initials and finals form the names of two cities in Iowa.

JOSEPH S. PHEBUS.
Nebraska City, Nebraska.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

From two different sized orifices in a reservoir, the water runs with unequal velocities. We know that the orifices are in size as 5 to 13, and the velocities of the fluid are as 8 to 7. Now in a certain time there issued from the one 561 cubic feet more than there did from the other. How much water did each orifice discharge in this space of time? WM. H. MORROW.
Irwin Station, Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Required—the length of each side of an equilateral triangle whose area is ten (10) acres. FRANCIS M. PRIEST.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ What is the difference between a young girl and an old hat? Ans.—Merely one of time; one has feeling and the other has felt.

☞ When do you indulge in your most extravagant repast? Ans.—When you have a piano for tea (forte.)

☞ Why is a heartless kiss like a city stage on a cold day? Ans.—Because it's a 'bus with no warmth in it.

Answers to Last.

TRANSPOSITION—Band, (sand, wand, land, hand, bend, bind, bond, bald, bard, bane, bank, bang.) RIDDLE—Emily, of Baltimore.

A Question of Science—Do Metals Grow?

It is supposed by many that the metals were formed or deposited in some past age of the world by the agency either of heat or water, during some great convulsions of Nature, such as have not been witnessed in the period embraced by written history or tradition. There are reasons for doubting the reliability of this opinion. That various mineral substances are now in process of formation or development is certain. For instance, the formation of stone is as apparent as its disintegration. On the beach at Lynn, Mass., (says the *Scientific American,*) may be seen a conglomeration of clay and siliceous sand, impregnated with ferous oxide, in all stages, from the separated particles to the layers of hardened rock. These rocks are merely the particles of sand, cohered and agglutinated by means of the clay and the oxide of iron, the salt water acting as a solvent of the softer particles, and the sun's rays compacting and baking all together in one mass. So, also, we know that coal is being formed from peat. The intermediate stage is lignite or "brown coal," which, in turn, becomes coal.

It is morally certain that gold, silver, copper, and some other metals are now in process of formation or deposition. Abandoned silver mines in Peru have been found rich in aborescent deposits of the metals on the walls of galleries unused for many years. A gold-bearing region after having been cleansed of the precious metal gives good results after the lapse of a few years. So with copper. In the Siberian mines not only the precious carbonate known as malachite, but the metal itself, in a state of almost absolute purity, is deposited on the walls, roofs, and floors of galleries run under the earth's surface. In some places it appears in masses, and in others as tree-like formations, with trunk and branches similar to a delicate moss. What becomes of all the gold and silver unavoidably wasted in the process of manufacture and the wear of transmission from hand to hand currency? It is well known that with all the care exercised in the manufacture of these precious metals, and notwithstanding their specific gravity, an appreciable portion of them is utterly wasted; at least so distributed as to be incapable of being collected and used again. Is it annihilated! The teachings of science prove this to be impossible. Nothing is ever wasted. If the particles are thrown into the atmosphere, they must in time seek the earth's surface. Are they attracted by some unknown power to certain localities, and if not why should not the streets of a busy city become in time deposits of the precious metals? Perhaps, after all, the old alchemists had an inspiration of what may yet become *au fait accompli.* When we understand the wonderful processes of Nature's laboratory, we may possibly imitate her, and grow our own metals as we now do our own vegetables; or we may find the philosopher's stone, and actually collect the particles of metals, if we cannot transmute a base mineral into one of the precious metals.